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The Sketch



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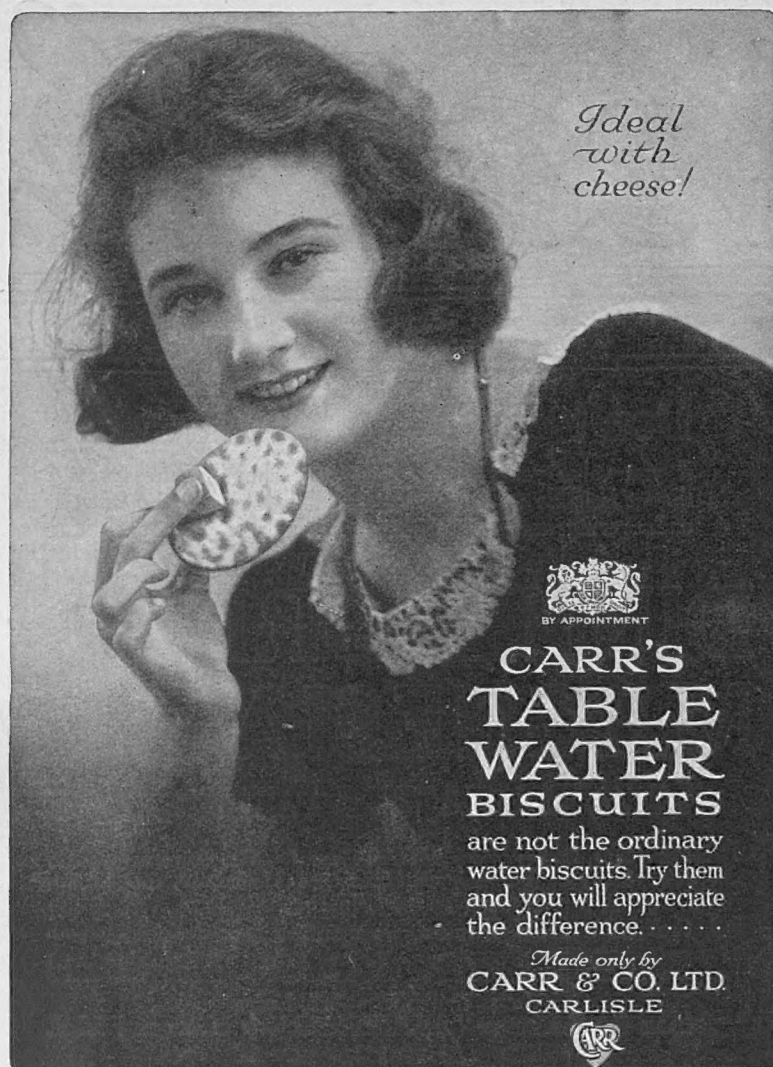
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No. 1645 — Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



"PUNCH BOWL" FAVOURITE AND BRIDE-ELECT OF A GUARDSMAN: MISS MARJORIE SPIERS.

Miss Marjorie Spiers, the young actress and revue favourite, whose engagement to Mr. Aubrey Hillman, Scots Guards, second son of the late Mr. Bernard Hillman and of Mrs. Middleton-

Powell, has just been announced, is now appearing in "The Punch Bowl," at the Duke of York's Theatre. She sings and dances charmingly, and appears in various numbers.

Photograph by Mabel Robey.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE POCKET RAY.

I AM interested to read that the "Death Ray" has been filmed. On the film, I understand, a rat is killed at a distance of about twelve feet.

A lady to whom I imparted this information seemed peculiarly intrigued.

"A rat?" she echoed.

"A rat," I repeated.

"At twelve feet?" she made sure.

"At twelve feet," I was able to return.

"A nice distance," was her comment. "About how far is twelve feet?"

"About twice the length of your husband."

"Quite. An excellent distance for a rat. Tell me, do you think they will put this thing on the market?"

"The death ray?"

"Yes. The rat I have."

"I doubt it. People might be tempted. In railway carriages, for example."

"Oh, I didn't mean as powerful as that. I was thinking of a dear little death ray that one could pop into one's vanity-bag or one's muff. Something like an electric torch. You see how handy it would be for rats or mice."

"You would wait for the rat to emerge?"

"Would one have to? Couldn't one just direct the ray at the home of the rat or mouse, and let it, so to speak, eat through the boards?"

"One could, I have no doubt. The trouble is that a ray which would eat through boards would probably eat through walls. And if you had a next-door neighbour who insisted on playing the piano or hammering sardine-tins with a boot—"

"My dear man, can you imagine me living next door to a person who hammered sardine-tins with a boot? Now, can you?"

"Well, with a hammer, then?"

"Or even with a hammer. Nobody in this very select neighbourhood even eats sardines, so I don't quite see what they would be doing with sardine-tins in the house."

"Suppose the servants had a passion for sardines? Servants always had esoteric ideas about nourishment. And suppose the master or son of the house happened to go into the kitchen and catch sight of a sardine-tin?"

Almost before he knew what he was about, he might snatch up the rolling-pin and batter the sardine-tin into an unrecognisable shape."

"Of course," she mused, "that might happen."

"Very well, then. In the meantime, you, hearing this noise through the wall, and finding that it disturbed your mental calculations—"

"Oh, but I am not a calculating woman."

"That's just the point. But let me finish. You hear this noise and you instinctively reach out for your dear little death-ray. You switch it on and point it in the direction of the noise. The master (or son) of the house next door suddenly weakens, and dies with the rolling-pin in mid-air. An inquest is held, and his death is traced to your boudoir."

Let us imagine that it merely annoyed. Do you think that would be a safe sort of toy to distribute among the general public? Do you think actors would like it? Or actresses? Or the clergy? Or public singers? Or public speakers? All these people who expose themselves on platforms and in pulpits are very vulnerable, you know. Clergymen, I grant you, are more or less protected up to about the lower chest, but the others! Why, a school-boy could put them out of action by pressing a button."

"Do you really think it would do more than tickle them?"

"I do indeed. But suppose it didn't. Suppose it just tickled them. Can't you realise the confusion that might be caused by a flapper tickling, say, a Cabinet Minister in the peroration? After all, the business of the Empire must go forward."

"If it comes to that, I've heard my husband say that all politicians want tickling up."

"I doubt if he meant it literally."

"My husband is always literal."

"Then how did he propose to tickle them up?"

"I don't think he proposed to do anything of the sort. He merely said they required it. My husband never thinks out ways and means. He leaves all that to me."

"And you were to tickle up the politicians literally?"

"If I could without loss of dignity."

"On either side?"

"Oh, their dignity is of no consequence. The dear little death ray is the very

thing. One could have one fixed in one's hat."

"A modern improvement on the dear little hat-pin?"

"Precisely. Any clever milliner could do it. Then, at the required moment you pull a string or touch a button and there you are."

"And yet people say that life to-day is not worth living!"

"Well, now we know the remedy."

"And we are really prepared to apply it?"

"Apply it? If only I had one by me at this moment!"

"Thank you. Don't bother to ring."



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR AT EASTBOURNE: THE RIGHT HON. STEPHEN WALSH, P.C., WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

The Right Hon. Stephen Walsh, P.C., M.P., the first Labour Secretary of State for War, has been at Eastbourne recuperating from his recent illness. Mrs. Walsh and the family, which consists of three sons and three daughters, have been with him. Our snapshot shows, from left to right: Miss Peg Walsh, Miss Eva Walsh, Mr. Stephen Walsh, Mrs. Walsh, and Miss Hilda Walsh, strolling on Beachy Head. Mr. Walsh is one of those members of the first Labour Government who have made a great personal success in their Ministerial capacities. He has achieved real popularity with his colleagues of the Army Council.

Photograph by C.N.

"I don't think so."

"You don't think you'd do it?"

"I don't think they'd ever trace it. I don't see how they could."

"Ah! The usual optimism of the jolly murderer."

"But, in any case, I don't want a death ray as powerful as all that. We were talking about killing rats and mice. Then you dragged in the man next door. The sort of death ray I was thinking of wouldn't kill a human being at all. It might annoy them, but no more than that."

"Very well. Let us consider a death-ray with a weak voltage, so to speak. It must have some power, or nobody would buy it.

Royalty at Goodwood and a Cricket-Week Party.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON'S ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE: BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT)—SIR CHARLES CUST, CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD, —, COLONEL GIBBS, SIR HILL CHILDS, MAJOR FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, LADY HELENA GIBBS, LORD HENRY SEYMOUR, THE EARL OF CAVAN, LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX, HIS MAJESTY THE KING, THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, THE EARL OF DURHAM, SIR LEONARD BRASSEY, LORD ELPHINSTONE, COLONEL A. DUFF, THE EARL OF SEFTON, BRIGADIER-GENERAL TROTTER, COLONEL CLIVE WIGRAM, AND CAPTAIN SIR BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSETT; FRONT ROW, SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT)—LADY ELPHINSTONE, THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW, LADY HELEN SEYMOUR, THE HON. ADELE BIDDULPH, THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, LADY MEUX, THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE, LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX, AND THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.



THE HOUSE-PARTY AT PETWOOD CRICKET WEEK: LEFT TO RIGHT—LADY JEAN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, THE HON. W. BETHELL, MISS CONOLLEY, THE HON. J. BETHELL, MISS PRISCILLA WEIGALL, MISS R. O'MALLEY-KEYES, LADY GUGGISBERG, MISS GLASGOW, AND MR. C. DE BATHE.

The King and Queen were the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House for the meeting, the party invited to meet their Majesties including those shown in our group. Lady Helena Gibbs is, of course, a niece of her Majesty, and Lady Elphinstone is a sister of the Duchess of York.—Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall entertained a party of

young people at Petwood, Woodhall Spa, for a cricket week. The Hon. John and the Hon. William Bethell are the sons of Lord Bethell.—Lady Guggisberg is the wife of Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Guggisberg, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Governor of the Gold Coast, and was formerly Miss Decima Moore, the well-known actress.—[Photographs by Meade and T.P.A.]

THE END OF SEASON "GARDEN-PARTY" MEETING:



BARONESS ZUCHE, SIR HUGH RIPLEY, AND MR. MILLAIS.



THE HON. SOMERSET BUTLER, WITH HIS SISTER, LADY ROSAMOND GALLWEY-ROBERTSON.



THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES: THE QUEEN, THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND THE KING.



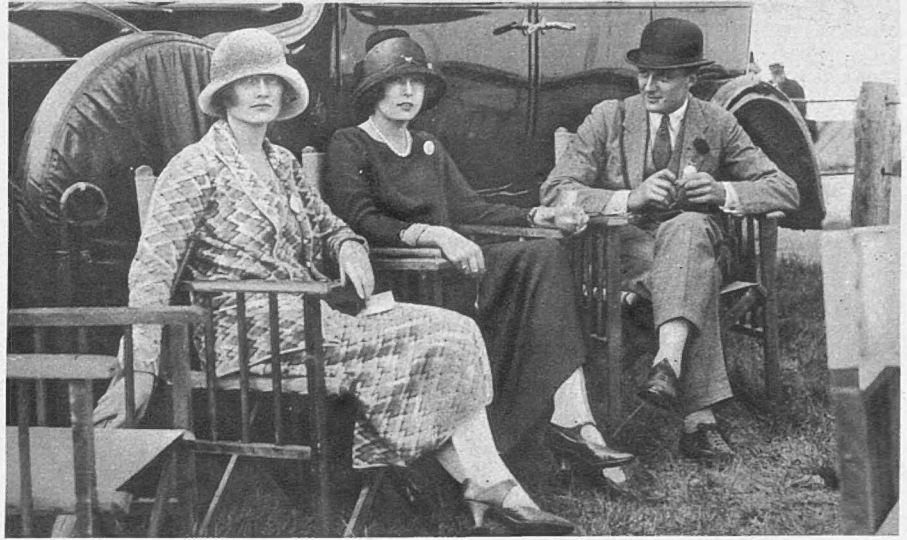
ARRIVING ON THE COURSE: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

Goodwood opened in doubtful weather, but on the first day the rain held off in Sussex, and there was fitful sunshine. Their Majesties the King and Queen came over from Goodwood House, where they were staying with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke's youngest daughter, acted as hostess for her father.—Baroness Zouche is a peeress in her own right, and is the wife of Sir Frederick Frankland, tenth

THEIR MAJESTIES AND OTHERS AT GOODWOOD.



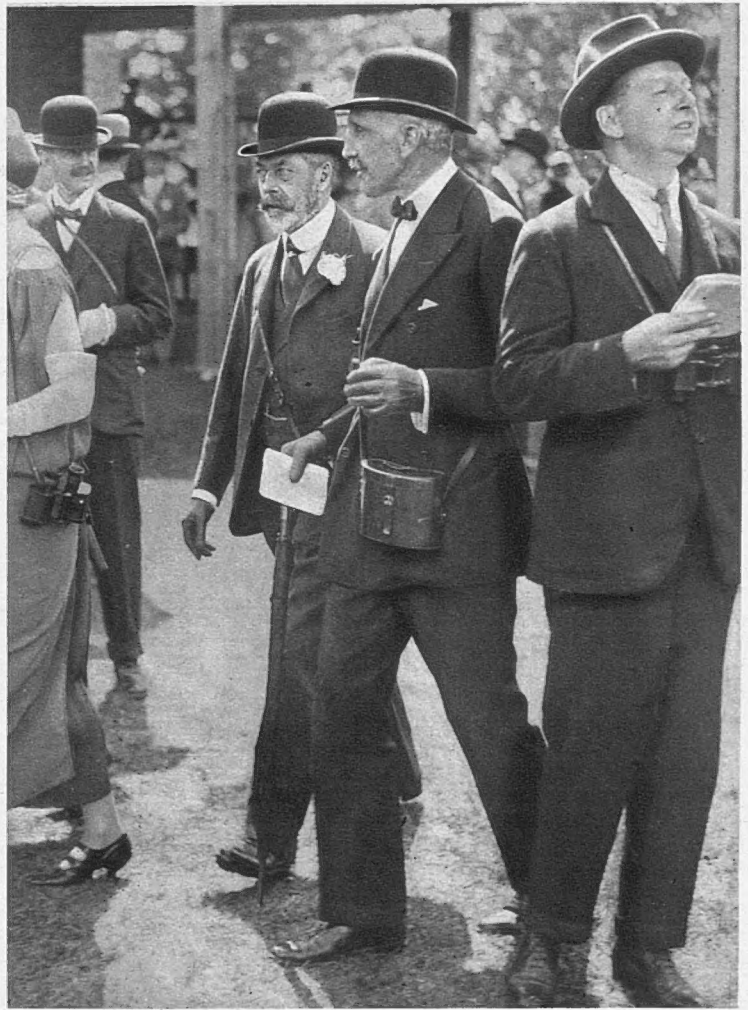
OF PERAK: PADUKA SRI SULTAN ISKANDAR SHAH, K.C.M.G., AND THE SULTANA.



MISS AILEEN GUINNESS, THE HON. BARBARA AND HON. THOMAS FRANKLAND.



CHATTING WITH THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.



WALKING WITH MAJOR FEATHERSTONEHAUGH: H.M. THE KING.

Baronet.—Sir Hugh Ripley is the second Baronet.—The Hon. Somerset Butler is the second son of the Earl of Carrick, and is a twin to Viscount Ikerrin, Lord Carrick's eldest son. Lady Rosamond Gallwey-Robertson is Lord Carrick's elder daughter.—The Sultan of Perak, ruler of the Malay State of that name, and his Sultana attended the meeting.—Miss Aileen Guinness is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Arthur Guinness, second son of the Earl of Iveagh.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THOSE of us with a drop of Scots blood in our veins felt inclined to quote Robert Louis Stevenson last week, for, though he wrote the following lines in 1875, they were uncommonly appropriate for July 1924—

It's rainin'. Weet's the gairden sod,
Weet the lang roads whaur gangrels plod—
A maist unceevil thing o' God
In mid July.

Providence, however, confined its "uncivility" to those who stayed in town on the

What a pity it is, though, that there is no advisory committee to tell Americans what to wear on every occasion, as one rather entertaining mistake was made. A male visitor, hearing that Goodwood was a "country meeting," arrived arrayed in white flannels—and naturally excited a good deal of interest as he strolled about. The women from "the other side" had not all chosen their costumes wisely either, and one very distinguished American who has been "doing" the London season with her daughter had quite the wrong attire, as she came in a pale-green heavily beaded silk model, and a hat draped with lace; while her shoes were of fancy kid.

How well Englishwomen look in country racing kit! I have never seen a better turned-out company than those who assembled on the first day, most of them in neat, beautifully cut tailor-mades, with plain brown or grey lizard shoes which can stand walking about on the damp grass. It was, of course, a pity from the picturesque point of view that the Tuesday was a day of uncertain weather, for no delicate-coloured muslins could be displayed; but they made their appearance on subsequent days.

It was easy to pick out the early arrivals from the late comers, for the sun shone after lunch, and so a few women were bold enough to wear figured crêpe-de-Chines and silken gowns, instead of solid tailor-mades.

There was a big crowd to cheer the King and Queen on their arrival, and her Majesty's grey dress and cloak of rose-coloured velvet with a collar of chinchilla looked very gay and pretty. The King was in a blue pin-stripe suit, and wore a bowler and a Guards tie. It was quite evident from her expression that Queen Mary was delighted to be in the country again, and one feels that she must be looking forward to having a little rest and being with her daughter this month while the King is at Bolton Abbey for the Glorious Twelfth.

But to return to Goodwood. The Duchess of Northumberland, who helped her father to entertain the Royal guests, looked specially charming in a black satin coat with a white fur collar (everyone nearly has one this year, but that does not detract from their extreme elegance), which she wore with a green hat adorned with white gardenias. The Duke of Northumberland had his eldest son, Lord Percy, with him, and it was quite remarkable how many young boys one saw about—all apparently quite at home on a race-course. Young Lord Moore, in a very dapper light-brown suit, was with his mother, Mme. de Landa, in a pleated white silk frock with a plain black coat lined with white.

Lady March, who brought a party from Molecomb—which did not include the Duke and Duchess of York, as the Duke was at Torquay—was in black with a braided coat, and the guests with her included Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Elphinstone, and Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, the latter in a brown satin fur-trimmed coat and brown hat; while Miss Cotterell, who was among those lunching with the royal party, was one of the prettiest girls to be seen. She wore a neat coat

and skirt of pale-grey flannel, and a gay Batik scarf. Lady Brecknock was in a grey flannel coat and skirt too; and Mrs. Dudley Coats evidently did not feel optimistic about the weather, as she was entirely clad in mackintosh, being swathed in a gay green waterproof, and wearing a hat of the same rubbered silk, which, however, was as becoming as it was practical—a remarkable dress-achievement. Her sister, Mrs. Howard, wore black, with a touch of orange foulard on the collar. The sisters were with Mrs. Arthur James, who was so convinced that Compiler would win that I hope she backed her belief adequately.

Lady Carnarvon was one of the young married women who looked really well. She had a blue cloth coat with a deep scarlet border of embroidery. Lady Dalmeny was another wearer of a long coat over a dress, which was of very original style, as it was carried out in variegated wool of speckled green and yellow. Lady Bradford had a gay and very successful colour-scheme of shaded red wool with a plaid coat and a red hat with ribbon loops.

The Duchess of Norfolk—who, by the way, did not have a house party for the meeting—just drove over with her daughter, and looked very well in pale grey; while Lady Rachel Howard wore a dark figured crêpe, in black and red.

Lady Carlton was one of the many who favoured the popular shade of the moment—a sort of light nut-brown; and Lady Moira



1. Angela has got a splendid "situation" at present. She is conducting Mr. Moral-Midlande (who, having made a little money, wishes to see life) and his family for a tour on the Continent. Their first stop is Belleville-la-Plage, as Angela's new friend, Mr. Donald Dasher, is staying there. On the left one sees Angela talking to him; on the right are the Moral-Midlandes talking to each other. Unhappily, Mr. Dasher is looking at Miss Moral-Midlande, who is pretty in that young-girl way that Angela so much resents.

opening day of the Goodwood meeting, for racegoers only saw the thunderstorm as they travelled back to town by train, and Sussex itself was looking lovely during the racing. The bright freshness of the green downs and the woodlands newly washed with rain added to the famous "garden party" aspect of the meeting.

One rather amusing feature of this year's Goodwood was provided by our American visitors. If any one of them expected to find the meeting really "smart" in a Transatlantic sense he was disappointed, and one heard surprised remarks on the diminutive size of the course and paddock—a feature which is really one of the charms of the meeting. There is certainly very little room in the paddock, which lies so close beside the Duke of Richmond's box, and some of our Overseas visitors were heard ecstatically murmuring that they had never before been so near to the King and Queen.



2. Mrs. Moral-Midlande, her husband and her sister spend the day sitting outside the Casino disapproving of the people who go in.

Combe was in black and white. Lady Manton, who is one of the keenest of race-goers, spent a great deal of time watching the horses parade, and had her sister, Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, with her.

The party from Cowdray included Lady Zia Wernher; and the special tent in which Major and Mrs. Harold Pearson entertain their friends at lunch offered a perfect feast of delicacies; while the lovely set of Crown Derby coffee-cups impressed me very much as race-meeting crockery.

One of the last of London's dances, until the early autumn brings Society flocking

some of the guests left to take part in the Treasure Hunt—the last of the season, I'm told. Lady Warrender was one of these, and she, incidentally, had a tyre burst, and, after going on regardless of this mishap for a time, had to retire from the hunt. There was a good deal of furious driving, I'm told, but it seems a fairly safe amusement at dead of night, when the streets are clear, and the policeman in Sloane Square was very surprised by the cohorts of *chic* people who assembled at the coffee-stall at one moment, they say. The final rendezvous was Norfolk House, St. James's Square, where Mrs. Harry Brown provided a princely breakfast for the clue-hunters.

I don't think that the Dominion visitors need complain of the hospitality they have received this season, for parties have been given them by the hundred, and seldom have I been to a more successful reception than Mrs. Saxton Noble's recent party for them in the lovely ball-room of Kent House.

To begin with, the house is a wonderful *mise-en-scène* for a full-dress entertainment. Sert has given the walls of the ball-room one of his marvellous "treatments" in gold and black, and elephants and other Eastern objects mingle there in a mysterious and fascinating maze. Since he carried out this piece of work, he has decorated Sir Philip Sassoon's house with the much-discussed tones of blue on a mirror background; but Mrs. Noble's is, to my mind, far the more successful.

Mrs. Saxton Noble is herself very artistic, and on the evening of her Dominions party her dress was extremely picturesque. It was of Nattier blue, with an overdress of oxydised silver lace, and she wore a fan-like arrangement of the same lace in her grey hair. Her daughter, Miss Cynthia Noble, who is considered one of the best-dressed girls about London, had a sheath frock of crystal and silver, with a long fringe falling from its low waist-line.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who dined at Kent House first, remained for a long time at the reception, Princess Arthur looking very well in pink and gold, and with a row of huge pearls tight round her neck in approved modern style. Prince Arthur spent some time in the orange drawing-room, where he sat and talked with the married daughter of the house, Mrs. Madan. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise were also present, so there was no lack of royalty.

Diplomacy was well represented, and I saw the Japanese Ambassador, the Polish Minister, Don Carlos and Mlle. Dominguez (the latter in grey *charmeuse*), Sir Maurice de Bunsen (looking more like Lord D'Abernon than ever), and many other well-known people. A yellow and striped tent was set up where the usual splendidly spread board to which Mrs. Noble has accustomed us was to be found, and here assembled several Indian ladies and their escorts, the former very decorative in their native dress and with diamonds scintillating in their nostrils. This style, though slightly barbaric to our Western taste, is distinctively effective.

One of the last out-of-door events of London suffered from the rain, for Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's attractive lawn-tennis had to be given up half-way through the programme. The occasion was Mr. Norman

Brookes's last appearance over here, for on the following morning he and his wife went off to the States, prior to their return home to Queensland, where their three little girls are eagerly awaiting them.

Lady Crosfield was to be found on the grass courts, and looked very trim and neat in her lawn-tennis kit. How wise she is to realise that the classic white is the only wear for play—it looks far better than anything else. Hers was a pleated skirt, and with it she wore a becoming little white hat whose upturned brim showed a green lining. The Duchess of Westminster was another well-turned-out player. Her dress was beautifully cut, and appeared to be quite slim in outline, yet had the necessary amount of fullness owing to cunningly concealed pleats at the side. Her little green hat lent a touch of colour, and her dog was a very important member of the party. He is one of the biggest and most curly-coated of Airedales, with the sweetest of faces, and with a quiet persistence he repeatedly penetrated on to the courts and fielded any of the balls which came his way. However, he was quite ready to hand them over to the players—so I feel, with a little instruction, he might learn to be quite an efficient canine ball-boy. He was much in evidence at tea, and sat up and begged with energy.

And now we are all at Cowes, and thence go either to the North for the opening of the shooting season, or to the Côte d'Émer-aude, where we may bathe, play lawn-tennis, or gamble. London is left to Americans, and to those who are passing through on their way from one visit to another; and yet, in the officially "dead" time, one still contrives to see people whom one knows. For instance, I looked in to lunch at the Ritz the other day, and found Lady Cunard, with Lady Ribblesdale, while at another table the ex-King of Greece and a couple of friends were to be seen. Dancing one evening at the same restaurant I noticed the Duchess of Alba—that brunette beauty who is so well known in both English and Spanish society. Her slim dark beauty is very attractive, and she was wearing white—which is not supposed to be a real brunette colour—and looking extremely well in it. MARIEGOLD.



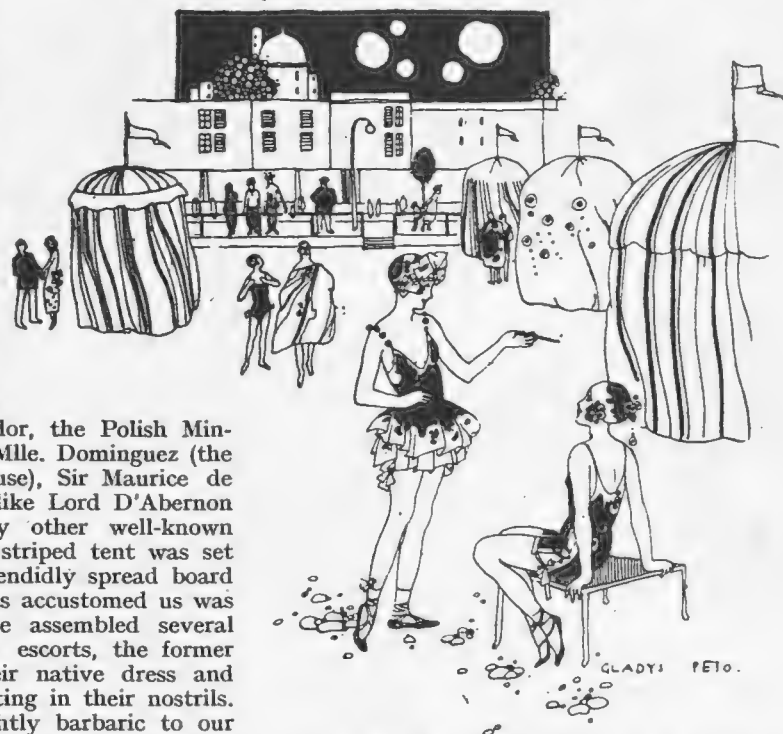
3. But Angela disapproved even more when she met Daisy Moral-Midlande coming out of the other door of the Casino with an armful of francs. Angela never makes anything.

back again to town, was Lady Curzon of Kedleston's birthday entertainment in honour of her younger son, Mr. Hubert Duggan. Naturally, it was a youthful affair, and, equally naturally, it was very well done, as all Lady Curzon's parties are.

Although the night was hot, the house seemed delightfully cool. Dinner was served at four round tables in the ball-room—the invariable custom of the house when large numbers of guests are invited. Two of the tables were decorated with gold plate in the form of candlesticks, cups and ornaments, and the other two were adorned with silver; but the same floral decorations—Goodyear arrangements of red roses in big bowls, with sprays of the flowers on the cloth—were employed on all four.

Lord Curzon was present, and Lady Curzon wore white (she seldom favours any other colour in the evening nowadays) with diamanté embroidery. There were sixty at dinner, and more came on afterwards, so the gathering was quite of mid-season size. The young Princesses Theodora and Margaret of Greece were there, and other guests included Lady Alexandra Curzon, in green; Lady Cranborne, in blue; Captain and Mrs. Michael Wardell; and Lady Warrender, in green, with shaded feathers on the skirt, rather in the style of one of Leonora Hughes's dresses.

There were any amount of young girls, too, as well as the smart young married women, and I thought Miss Vanderbilt looked specially well. At about two a.m.



4. Mrs. Moral-Midlande disapproves of the bathing excessively. She stands complaining on the parade. She says she wouldn't mind so much if they would get into the sea. But Angela disapproves of Daisy Moral-Midlande, who is talking to Mr. Dasher behind the tent on the left. Angela is taking her party on to Brittany immediately.

PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS AT COWDRAY PARK:



MRS. BAXENDALE, MR. GUY STANFORD, MISS BAXENDALE, MAJOR LUCAS, AND COLONEL BAXENDALE.



WITH CAPTAIN McNAUGHTEN :
MISS EVANS.



MR. AND MRS. DENTON
CARLISLE.



WATCHING FROM A CAR: THE HON. THOMAS DENMAN,
MISS DARELL, AND THE HON. NANCY MITFORD.



MRS. FITZWILLIAM, LADY HERMIONE BULLER, REAR-
ADMIRAL BULLER, AND MR. V. B. TURNER.



MISS H. MILBOURNE AND

The polo tournament at Cowdray Park for the Challenge Cup presented by Lord Cowdray, to become the property of any team which wins it for three years in succession, makes a delightful alternative amusement to the racing in Goodwood Week, and many well-known people came to see the play. Major Vivian Lockett, the International player, and spare back for the Test Matches against America in September, played for the 17-21st Lancers.—Lady Noreen Bass is the youngest sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the wife of Sir William Bass, Bart.—Lady Zia Wernher is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael. Her husband, Major Wernher, played for the Cowley Manor team in the tournament.—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI

THE GOODWOOD WEEK POLO TOURNAMENT.



WITH MRS. FITZWILLIAM: MR. J. W. FITZWILLIAM, SECRETARY OF THE COWDRAY.



WITH MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT: MRS. GEORDIE CAMPBELL.



LADY NOREEN BASS, MR. GEORGE DRUMMOND, LADY ZIA WERNHER, COL. H. S. C. ASHTON, THE HON. NANCY MITFORD, AND MISS YOSKYL PEARSON.



MISS P. BANCROFT.



MAJOR AND MRS. HARRISON.



MISS YOSKYL PEARSON AND MR. J. BECKWITH.

The Hon. Nancy Mitford is the eldest of the six daughters of Lord Redesdale.—The Hon. Thomas Denman is Lord Denman's only son, and a grand-child of Lord Cowdray.—Miss Yoskyl Pearson is the débutante daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson, the chatelaine of Cowdray Park.—Lady Hermione Buller is the only daughter of the Earl of Moray, and is the wife of Rear-Admiral H. T. Buller, C.B., C.V.O.—Major Harrison is the well-known polo-player, and a member of the Cowley Manor side. This team, which held the cup, was defeated by the Bulstrode side, by 11 goals to 9, with the aid of a five-goal start.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Deauville, Cowes, a Marriage, a Fête, and a Royal Visit.



Her Grace has a dip in the bran tub:
the Duchess of Grafton at the
Stowlangtoft fête.



A snapshot
from Cowes:
Colonel George &
Mrs. Monckton-Arundell.



A well-known English yachtsman & his wife: Sir Ernest & Lady Honey.



With her sister, Princess Irene of Greece:
the Crown Princess
of Roumania.



The marriage
of the Home
Secretary's
daughter:
Mrs. Gledhill—
formerly Miss
E. Henderson
& Mr. Gledhill.



With the Crown Prince:
the Duchess of Penaranda,
the Countess de la Rochefoucauld,
and the Prince de Garamon.
Chimay. (167)



On board the *Magdalene*:
Major Van der Byl, Mrs. Jameson,
Miss Van der Byl, & Mr. W. Jameson.



At Deauville:
the Duchess of Penaranda,
the Countess de la Rochefoucauld,
and the Prince de Garamon.
Chimay. (167)

DISTINGUISHED FOLK ON SEA AND LAND: THE YACHTING SEASON AND OTHER INTERESTS OF THE MOMENT.

The yachting folk are all assembled at Cowes this week for the great regatta. Mr. W. Jameson is the owner of the "*Magdalene*."—The Duchess of Penaranda is the wife of the well-known Spanish polo-player, and is very popular in English Society.—Sir Ernest Roney is well known in the yachting world, and was third with his "*Emily*" in the eight-metre class in the Olympic Yachting Regatta off Havre.—The marriage of Miss Eleanor Henderson, daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur

Henderson, P.C., Home Secretary, to Mr. Gledhill was celebrated last week at the Hinde Street Wesleyan Church, Manchester Square.—Colonel the Hon. George Monckton-Arundell is the son of Viscount Galway.—The Crown Princess of Roumania, who has been on a visit to this country, was formerly Princess Hélène of Greece. Her marriage to the Crown Prince took place in 1921.—The Duchess of Grafton is shown at the fête held at Stowlangtoft, Bury St. Edmunds.

Photographs by P.P.P., P. and A.P., Alfieri, T.P.A., L.N.A., and Cook.

The Goodwood "Polo House-Party" Hostess.



THE WIFE OF LORD COWDRAY'S ELDER SON: THE HON. MRS. HAROLD PEARSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson is the wife of the Hon. Harold Pearson, elder son of Lord Cowdray, and is a daughter of the late Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill. She and her husband always entertain a polo-playing house-party during Goodwood Week, at their Sussex home,

Cowdray Park, Midhurst, where the polo tournament is a feature of Goodwood Week. This year their party included Lord and Lady Dalmeny, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Major and Mrs. Lockett, Sir Ernest Horlick, and Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

In a Little Town.

To understand the heart of England—the England of tradition and of settled characteristics—one needs now and then to leave London and the large centres to stay awhile in some small town, with a history going back centuries, with buildings little altered during generations of time, with families that have lived decade after decade in the same houses.

Stamford, which lies partly in Lincolnshire, partly in Northants, and partly in Rutlandshire, is such a town. There is the mellowed grace of age, and there is character in its gabled buildings and its winding streets. It is years since I knew it first. And how little it has changed! After many years even, you can find familiar trees looking the same, untouched by the passage of time. Perhaps one does notice that some of the residential houses with porches and arched windows have come to be used as retail shops. A cinema or two shows itself, the posters in glaring contrast with the old-fashioned dignity of the neighbouring dwellings. Perhaps, also, in the saddlers' and bootmakers' windows, leggings and boots of the old-time, square-toed type have been less noticeable than glacé kid and those rubber pads which seem to swamp the small bootmakers' shops nearly everywhere.

The little town, as you motor down the hill from the London road, seems to burst upon you with its extraordinary number of church spires and towers massed close together. Also you will be struck by the number and variety of the inn signs. I believe they reach somewhere in the neighbourhood of seventy—no bad number for a place of some ten thousand inhabitants. I am certain, though, that this ancient town is not at all given over to intoxication. Perhaps one might say also that the fact that it possesses six churches and six other places of worship does not mean that the average of church attendance is higher in Stamford than elsewhere.

The Sing-Song. No doubt the hotel bars and inn parlours take the place occupied by clubs in the larger towns. One old custom seems to be retained. Walking round the quiet streets one evening after dinner, I heard sounds of piano and cheerful choruses coming from three different bar-parlours. It struck me as homely and very English. As for the County Club, that is housed in a building that in the eighteenth century was used as a theatre. A plaque on the wall outside informs the passer-by that Macready, Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and other famous players of the past appeared in this theatre.

I happened to be in the town, too, when the local Territorials went off to their summer camp. Quite a spirited procession, led by the local prize band, which played uncommonly well on silver instruments. One young private seemed to belong to the band—at any rate, loaded up with rifle and full kit, he marched with the band, and did fine work on the euphonium.

There was also the cricket match between Stamford School and the Old Stamfordians, which match formed an important feature of the Old Stamfordians' week. Answering the Old Boys' score of 310 for nine wickets, the present school had made 180 for five wickets by the end of the day. One boy, a very free and attractive batsman, rattled up 95

hardy race in Stamford. All this spectator did was to brush his cheek with his hand and stand his ground. He did not even grin or look foolish when asked if he was hurt.

A Memorable Cricket Match.

I took a walk in Burghley Park, and from a distance viewed the historic seat of the Marquess of Exeter. People talk of the changes in these great parks brought about by the altered conditions of land-ownership. But in Burghley Park it seemed to me that nothing was different from what it used to be forty years ago. The children of the townspeople still were playing there, roaming the park at their free will. I doubt if any of these children understand that they are allowed in this park by permission of the owner, and not as a matter of course. The tree-skirted cricket ground on which in years gone by the M.C.C., the Free Foresters, and the Eton Ramblers played many an historic match (one M.C.C. side which included George Davidson of Derbyshire, Barnes of Notts, and Mr. A. C. S. Glover, then captain of Warwickshire, was, I believe, dismissed by Burghley Park for nine runs—a wet wicket, Major W. C. Hedley, of Somersetshire, and the local professional being the compelling factors) is exactly as it was forty years ago, and Lord Exeter still allows the club to use it rent free. Golfers are allowed to play over the nine-hole course in the High Park, and are granted many privileges, except that on Sundays they must not play during church service hours.

Recently there has been some sort of an embargo on motor-cars. I fancy that the charabancs got rather troublesome; but even here Lord Exeter shows consideration. A special permit to take a motor vehicle in the park is not difficult to obtain.

The Wedding Crush.

What is it that causes the crowd, mostly women, that goes always to popular weddings to pick out one fashionable wedding more than another; so to pack the streets outside the church that women faint and the police are hard put to it to clear a way for the invited guests? The crush at the wedding of the Duke of Westminster's daughter was greater than that of any wedding since Lady Diana Manners was married, and, before that, since Mr. Churchill led his beautiful bride to the altar. Was it because Lady Ursula Grosvenor was a beautiful girl with a great love of sport? Was it because of the democratic note that marked the wedding, servants and humble friends of the family being given free passes for making long railway journeys to London? Was it because the bride a year or so ago was popularly supposed to be about to become engaged to a well-known steeplechase jockey?



THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S PROCTOR: THE HON. CLIVE LAWRENCE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MILDRED DEW, THE BEST MAN, AND ATTENDANTS.

The marriage of the Hon. Clive Lawrence, eldest son of Lord Trevithin, and holder of the intimidating position of King's Proctor, to Miss Mildred Dew, younger daughter of the late Rev. Edward Parker Dew, was celebrated last week at the Temple Church. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Lander-Watson, was attended by Miss Nancy Barstow (the daughter of Sir George and Lady Barstow) and Miss Patricia Kent, the former of whom is shown in our group, and by one page, Master Anthony Sabbe; and Mr. C. W. Lilley acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Lander-Watson held a reception at Claridge's.—(Photograph by Bassano.)

in an hour and a half before being snapped in the slips—the first mistake he had made. On the side of the field where there was an open boundary, groups of spectators were gathered. A particularly fine off-drive sent the ball towards this boundary. One cluster of spectators dispersed hurriedly, all except one man, who received the ball first bounce on the side of his face. But they must be a

LOOK OUT for the Judges' Order of the Twelve Posters, which will be published shortly in "The Sketch."

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. V.



AT DUSK

[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

PERHAPS they're right, and she's not coming back.
 Always before, she's said to me: "Dear Jack,
 I've got to go away and leave you here;
 Don't fret and worry, will you, doglums dear?"
 But this last time she didn't say good-bye
 And kiss and cheer me up. I wonder why.
 When was it that she went? It seems so long. . . .
 Not coming back . . . No, no! I'm sure they're wrong.
 To-night, perhaps . . . And so I sit and wait
 Out here all day beside the garden gate.
 What would she say if she should come and find
 No Jack on guard? She'd think it so unkind.
 It's getting cold . . . I'm sure she'd not forget. . . .
 They're calling me indoors . . . I can't go—yet.

JOE WALKER.

The Hat Trick.



Some women



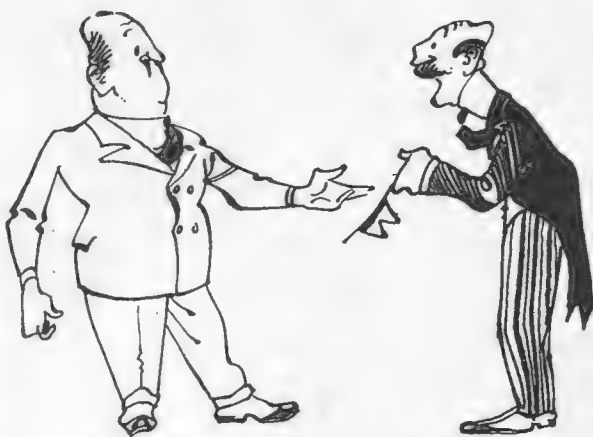
never seem to know



whether a hat suits them



or not.



But somehow, men know



at once!



D'Egville

ALAS! HOW TRUE,

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE

The Author of
"Married Love"

and "Wise
Parenthood."



WITH HER INFANT SON, HARRY STOPES ROE: DR. MARIE STOPES (MRS. H. V. ROE).

Dr. Marie Stopes—or, to use her married name, Mrs. Humphrey Verdon Roe—is the well-known author of those much-discussed works, "Married Love" and "Wise Parenthood," and is shown

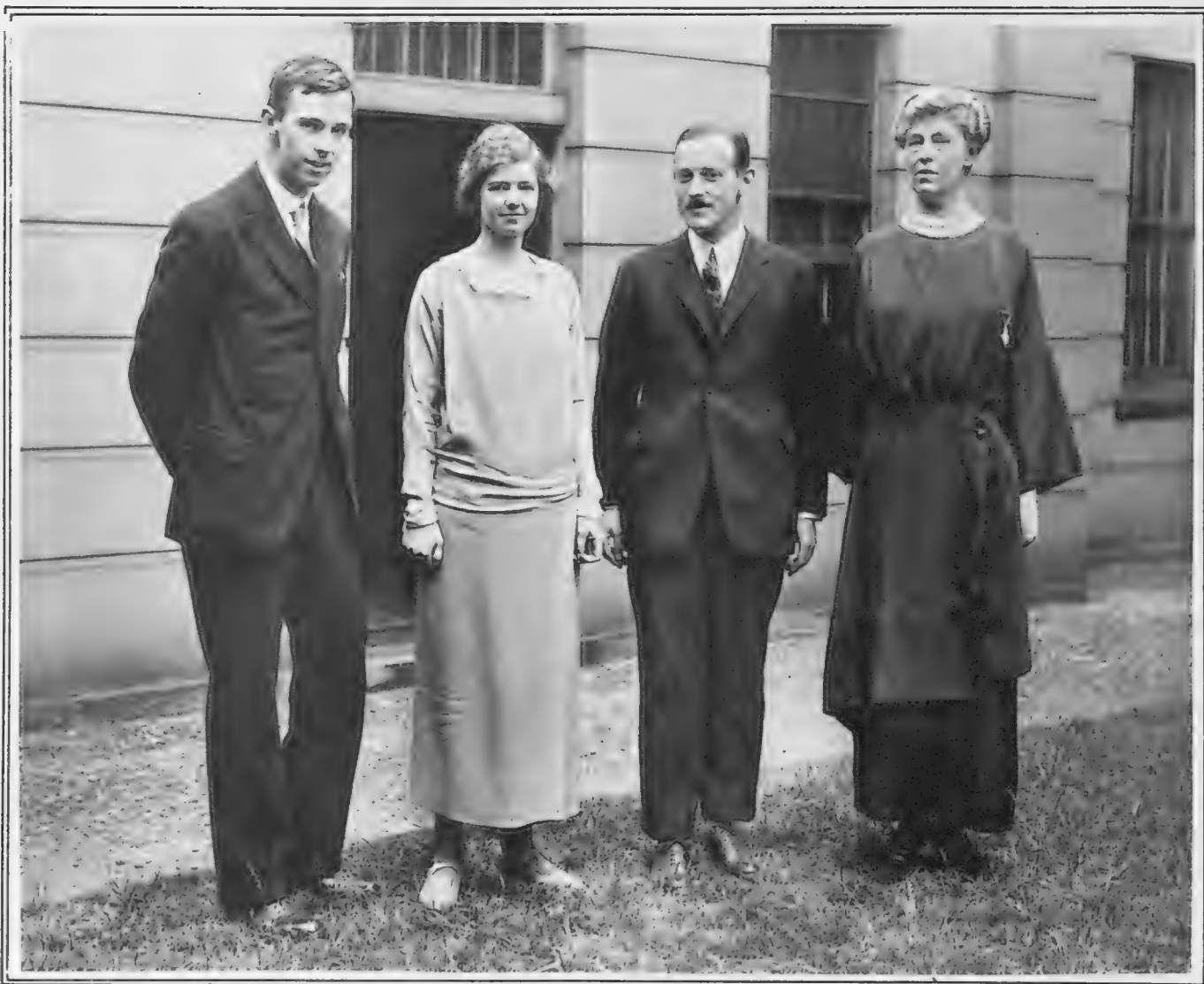
on our page with her small son, Harry Verdon Roe, who was christened in the church on Portland Bill, his godparents being Lady Woodward, Sister Roberts, Professor Vernon Wheeler, and Mr. C. J. Grey.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Royalty in Ulster, and an Italian-English Betrothal.



THE HOUSE PARTY AT BARON'S COURT: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND; H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, AND LADY KATHERINE HAMILTON (SEATED, L. TO R.); AND STANDING, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER OSCAR HENDERSON, D.S.O., R.N., PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNOR; LADY KATHERINE MEAD, LADY BROOKE, THE RIGHT HON. E. M. ARCHDALE, D.L., THE HON. MRS. O'NEILL, CAPTAIN B. V. B. BROOKE, C.V.O., R.N., AND THE HON. MRS. HARDINGE.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF LORD POWIS' DAUGHTER TO COUNT ROBERTO LUCCHESI PALLI: LORD CLIVE (SON OF THE EARL OF POWIS), LADY HERMIONE HERBERT, AND HER FIANCÉ, COUNT ROBERTO LUCCHESI PALLI, AND THE COUNTESS OF POWIS.

The Duke and Duchess of York during their recent tour in Ulster visited Baron's Court, the Duke of Abercorn's seat in Tyrone, where our group was taken.—The announcement of the engagement of Lady Hermione Herbert, only daughter of the

Earl and Countess of Powis, to Count Roberto Lucchese Palli, eldest son of Conte Carlo Lucchese Palli, Principe di Campofranco e Duca della Grazia, has just been made. The Countess of Powis is a peeress in her own right, being Baroness Darcy de Knayth.

Photographs by Herbert Cooper and C.N.

Bundle – and the Bride.



WITH THE FAVOURITE WHO WENT HONEYMOONING WITH HER: LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY—FORMERLY LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.

Bundle—the favourite dog of Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey—formerly Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, was a feature at her wedding to Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey. The handsome Airedale actually drove with Lady Ursula to the church,

attended the reception, and sat between the bride and bridegroom when they drove away in the car, for the first part of their honeymoon at Saighton. He was decorated with a bow of Mr. Filmer-Sankey's racing colours.—[Photograph by Lodge, Chester.]



THE OLD FLAME.



By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

VII.—THE COMPROMISE.

IT is not the part of a gentleman to gloat over the discomfiture of a lady, however much she deserves it; and I am not the man to do it. I will say at once that I am very sorry about this affair.

Mary Banbury had behaved most strangely since the night at Boom's, when Phyllis and I found her losing her head with the dashing young detective who afterwards took part in the police raid. Phyllis and I, on the other hand, have behaved most nobly. Never by a word or a look have we reminded Mary of the episode. Nor have we so much as hinted at it to others: we have even discouraged young Mr. Smith from spreading about the tale.

And Mary, we supposed, was grateful. At any rate, she had shown quite a new anxiety for our company, and treated us with quite a new warmth. Phyllis and I were now one of her week-end party at Slings, the Banburys' charming old house at Mortlake. It is a huge place on the south bank of the river, with a great walled garden full of magnificent trees behind it—a kind of country house in town.

It was undeniably summer. A lazy breeze stirred in the tree-tops, but a haze of heat shimmered on the dry lawn. Phyllis and I sat in long chairs under an oak with long lemonades beside us, the water-lily pond before us; and we watched Jack Banbury mowing the lawn beyond. And what is more pleasant than that? It is indeed a great delight to see the long smooth columns spread gradually across the grass; and as one smooth column succeeded another—one light, one dark, another light, another dark—we grew more and more pleased with ourselves. We even criticised when a column went a little wobbly.

Phyllis sighed suddenly.

"Another wobble!" she complained. "Oh, dear! I feel as if in some way I was responsible for the lawn."

"And I feel," I said, "as if I was doing the work myself. I get this feeling by lying back and watching Jack Banbury through half-closed eyes. Try it."

"I will," said Phyllis sleepily; "I can

hardly keep my eyes open as it is"—and she tried it for some five minutes.

Phyllis looks very well with her eyes closed. One does not often see her so. And in a summer frock, with one hand behind her head and one soft arm in her lap, and her roguish lips demure and still for once, and a touch of the apple in her cheeks, and—

"I thought," said Phyllis, suddenly opening her eyes, "that you were going to try it too, Mr. Moon."

"I can hardly keep my eyes shut," I said.

At this point Mary Banbury blew violently round the corner of the house, gave a flustered little cry, remarked "I'm sorry," and blew away again.

"Why are you sorry?" I called after her, but there was no answer.

"Have you noticed," said Phyllis reflectively, "that Mary has become much more broad-minded recently? Since Boom's?"

"I have observed with interest and gratitude that she positively flings us together, Miss Fair."

"And I have observed that she deliberately arranges to leave us alone together—almost as if we were engaged, Mr. Moon."

"And then bursts in upon us—quite as if we were married."

"You are married, Mr. Moon."

"She seems to have forgotten that. Do you know that during the past three days she has never once inquired when Angela and I are to be re-united?"

"It is extraordinary," said Phyllis. "And how sweet she is to us!"

"Extraordinarily sweet."

"It may be," Phyllis mused, looking at me very gravely, "that her own indiscretion has made her more charitable to others. Not that we are indiscreet," she added, looking at the pool.

"It may be so," I said, looking at the sky.

"What else can it be?"

I made no reply.

"I hope you have no uncharitable thoughts, Mr. Moon?"

I made no reply.

"You see," continued Phyllis, "she is

just as sweet to everybody. Look how she flings Jean and Stephen together."

"It's hardly the same thing," I said. "She wants Jean and Stephen to get engaged in her house. That's why she sent them off to the Dutch Garden."

"There she goes," said Phyllis. And there was Mary's yellow sun-hat, bobbing busily away under the limes.

"In the direction of the Dutch Garden," I observed. "It is Mary's fondest dream that before this week-end is over she will come round a corner and find Jean and Stephen in each other's arms. So you see, Miss Fair," I concluded, "it's not at all the same thing."

"I hope not, Mr. Moon."

Mrs. Banbury, indeed, was making no secret of her match-making ambitions. Everyone had known for some time that Jean and Stephen were devoted to each other; but nothing, it seemed, would induce them to communicate the facts to each other—Stephen too frightened, and Jean too languorous to encourage him. They mooned about together, Stephen happily talking "law shop," and Jean happily dreaming about something else. They are an excellent match; for nobody without Jean's peculiar capacity for repose in all circumstances could possibly endure a life of Stephen's law shop. But they would not advance. Their courting reminded me of the courting of newts, of which the female stands perfectly motionless, while the male poses in front of her, curiously contorting himself and lashing his tail, and generally suggesting immoderate affection, but never actually approaching her. To bring such a couple to "the scratch" would indeed be a triumph for any hostess, and I well understood Mrs. Banbury's eagerness.

Jack Banbury came towards us mopping his ruddy face. He is simple, hearty, and a stockbroker; the slave of his wife and fond of practical jokes; he is entirely brainless; indeed, there is no harm in him of any kind, only that he has never grown up. Deplorably lacking in taste and delicacy of feeling, like his wife. But she ought to know better—Jack does not.

And, upon my word, when I contemplate

[Continued on Page 273.]

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A Débutante of this Season.



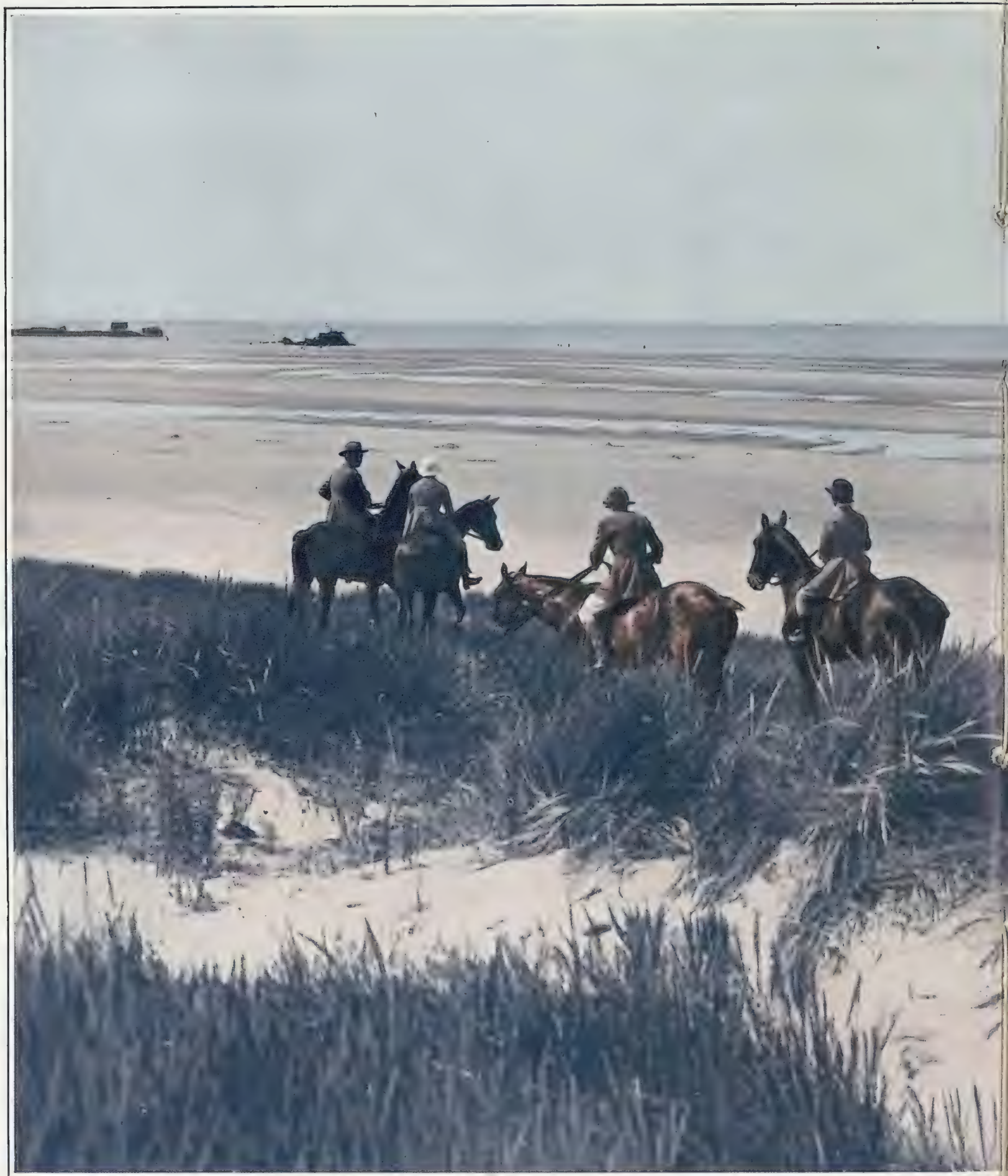
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF COL. AND MRS. DU PRÉ: MISS MARJORIE DU PRÉ.

Miss Marjorie du Pré, who was one of the débutantes of this season, is the eldest daughter of Colonel William Baring du Pré, of Wilton Park, Bucks, and of Mrs. du Pré. She was born in

February 1906, and so celebrated her eighteenth birthday this year. She has two younger sisters—Miss Elizabeth and Miss Joyce du Pré, who were born in 1910 and 1912 respectively.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

ON THE DUNES OF PARIS-PLAGE: A FAVORITE



AFTER A GALLOP ON THE SANDS: RIDING

Le Touquet, and Paris-Plage, the seaside "end" of that attractive playground of Society, are patronised by many social celebrities, including the Prince of Wales, who is very fond of running over to Le Touquet for a day or two when his many engagements permit him to take a

FAVORITE HOLIDAY DISTRICT OF THE PRINCE.



ON THE SANDHILLS NEAR LE TOUQUET.

short holiday. Golf, lawn-tennis, and dancing are among the delights offered in this district, as well as a little mild Casino-going, and many people amplify these pleasures by riding over the sands and dunes in the morning—a very healthy and invigorating introduction to the day.

Fifteen Hundred Feet Above the Sea.



THE LAKE BATHERS—AT ANNECY, IN HAUTE-SAVOIE.

Sea-bathing has its delights, but those who visit Annecy, the capital of Haute-Savoie, may sample the pleasures of bathing in Lake Annecy, which is 1511 feet above the sea.

DRAWN BY HIGGINS.

A Member of The Treasure Hunt.

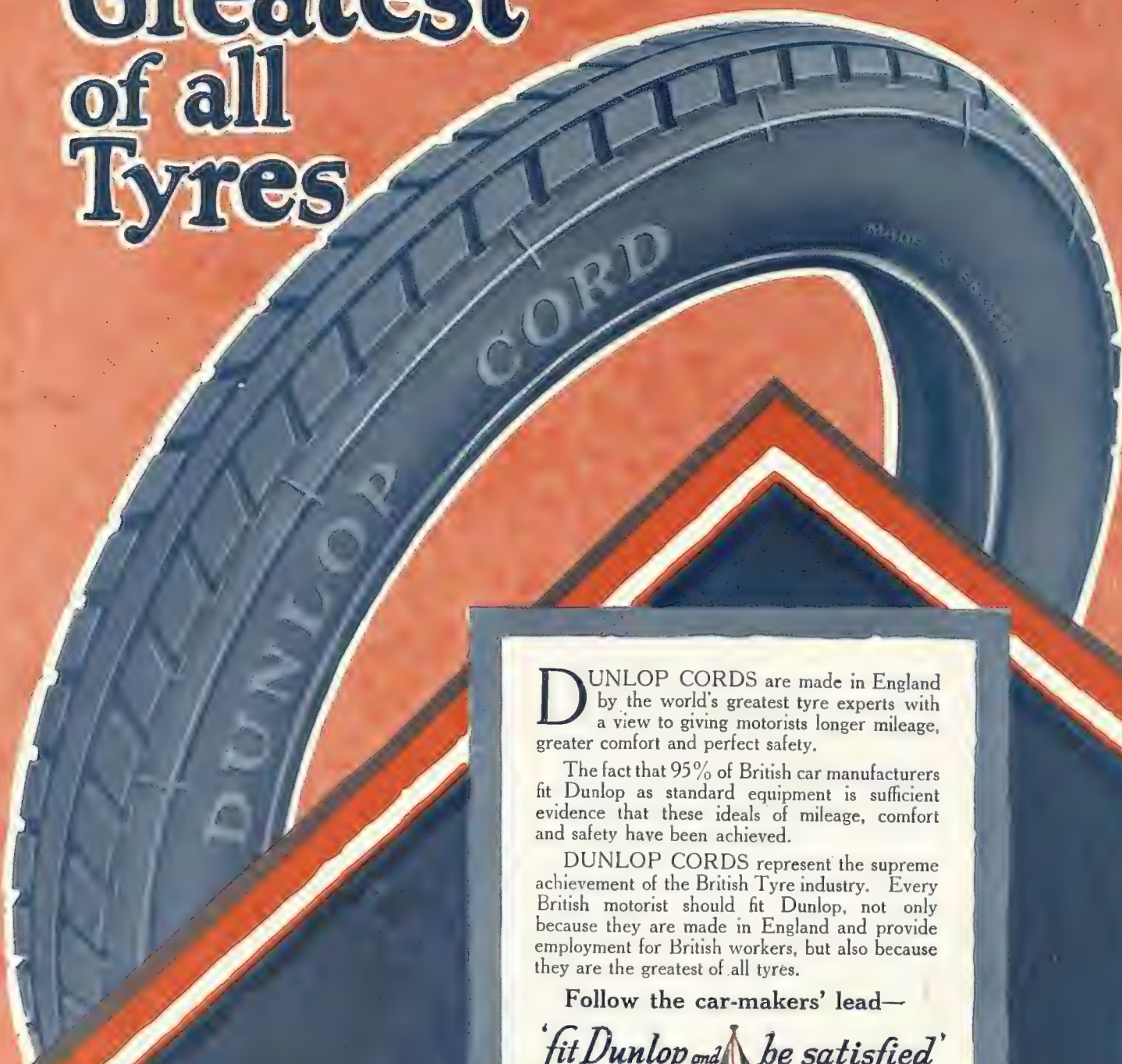
A CLUE-HUNTER: MRS. DUDLEY WARD.

The Prince of Wales joined in the greatest treasure-hunt of the season, which took place last week. It was a night chase, and began at 2 a.m., the main assembly points being Claridge's and St. George's Hospital, while the hunters, who gathered in great force, came in a real fleet of cars—there being more than fifty motors of different sizes and makes

out on the trail, which ended at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, after having carried its hunters to Seven Dials, and the Sloane Square coffee-stall, among other places! Mrs. Dudley Ward, who is a treasure-hunter, is the wife of Mr. William Dudley Ward, formerly Vice-Chamberlain to H.M. Household, and is the daughter of Colonel Charles Wilfrid Birkin.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

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G.P.O.

Continued.

the vulgarity and dullness of Jack, I can almost forgive her for the excessive interest she shows in the affairs of other people.

"Well," he said breezily, lying flat on his broad back, "and what's the betting now?"

"What's the event?" I inquired.

"The Marriage Stakes," grinned our host. "I've a level fiver with Fraser"—Fraser was another guest: an average-adjuster, and high in his profession—"that Mary brings it off before to-morrow; and I wouldn't mind betting I lose my money," he concluded gloomily. "Look at last night! What more could the man want? Dancing, a full moon, a hot night, cosy corners all over the garden, champagne, cress-sandwiches, no dew on the lawn, and not another man so much as spoke to the girl. There they were, dancin', sittin'-out, dancin', sittin'-out, for four or five hours. And no further at the end of it than they were before!"

I glanced at Phyllis. Her eyes were closed. I half-closed mine. Jack's remarks are very often addressed to an audience of this kind.

"I tell you what," he said; "I've got an idea. For I'm damned if we don't fix things somehow to-night. Look here, my wife tells me the young man's full of old-fashioned Divorce Court notions, and she says, if once he thought he'd compromised the girl, he'd propose to her the next minute."

"What do you mean by 'compromise'?"

"Well, I mean, if he was found in her bed-room, or something," said Jack crudely, "like they are on the stage, you know."

"Really, Jack," I said faintly, "I must remind you that these two young lovers are your guests."

"That would be compromising her," he went on gaily, ignoring my remark, "technically; though what harm he'd be likely to do when he hasn't even the courage to propose I don't quite know. The question is—how to get him into her bed-room?"

"Why not send him an invitation?" I asked helpfully.

"Be serious, old man," said my host. "By the way, I suppose Miss Fair is asleep?" he added anxiously.

"I certainly hope so," I said, and we both examined Miss Fair. It seemed that she was asleep. "But in case she's not, perhaps we'd better discuss some other aspect of the matter."

Jack's only reply to this was to crawl across to me and continue his remarks in a loud and penetrating whisper.

"Didn't you say you walked in your sleep sometimes?"

I nodded.

"Well, my idea is this, old man." And thereupon he unfolded a crude and distasteful stratagem.

I was to pretend to walk in my sleep. Jack was to be aroused by my movements, and, frightened for my safety, summon Stephen Trout to assist him. Together they were to follow me, taking care, as tradition dictates, not to wake me. I was to lead them to Jean's room (to be fair to the man, the thing was to happen at an early hour, so that the girl would not be frightened), somnambulate into her room, followed by my protectors, and, passing out again, dreamily lock Stephen in (Jack undertook to see that the key was outside). Result, Jean and Stephen in compromising situation; door opened (by Jack) half-an-hour later—and out steps Stephen dramatically, announcing engagement.

"You're no sport, Moon," said my host ruefully, when I had given my answer to this strange proposal.

Fortunately, just then Phyllis woke up, and I gave no further thought to it. The evening passed quietly. Jean and Stephen walked up and down the lawn in the moonlight for some time, but when they came in, it was evident that they were no more

engaged than they were before. I reflected with satisfaction that Jack had lost his bet, and we all went to bed.

I had just turned my light out when there was a knock at the door, which was opened stealthily, and I heard in a whisper the words:

"Come on, Moon! Be a sport, old man!"

I opened my mouth to revile my host—and I thought better of it. I detest practical jokes, but I believe in "an eye for an eye" in some things. I decided to be a sport.

I rose slowly out of my bed and stood at the side of it, muttering, while I slipped my feet into my bed-room slippers. Then, stretching out my arms in a groping manner, I stalked past Banbury into the dim corridor; and through my half-closed eyes I was glad to see that he had nothing on his feet.

"Capital, old man!" he chuckled. "That's the stuff."

"Shall I not put it in the lake?" I replied weirdly; and then, very rapidly, "Where-is-my-hat-don't-send-me-away-Jane!"

I then turned to the left, and walked away with a brisk but, as I thought, an uncanny gait, Jack pattering behind. I went past Jean's room, past Phyllis's room, past the Banburys' room, past the bath-room—where I heard splashings—down the stairs and on to the front door, catching as I went a stealthy "Wait a bit, old boy!"

As I was fumbling at the bolts Jack whispered, "Steady on, old boy! This is no damn good! *Upstairs!*"

"The forest—the forest!" I answered bleakly. "You shall not prevent me."

So saying, I stepped out and walked rapidly across the gravel drive. A chilly night breeze had come up with the tide, and the gravel, as I knew, is full of sharp flints, some of which I could feel even through my slippers. I was therefore glad to hear Jack running. He ran round in front and peered anxiously at me; I gazed at him with wide, unseeing eyes, not halting for an instant. And I heard him mutter in a tone of awe to himself, "Good God!"

He then fell in behind and followed me meekly back across the drive, uttering occasional small sounds expressive of pain. At the front door I sheered off to the left again and re-crossed the drive. Jack then, remembering, apparently, some casual scrap of information about sleep-walkers, assumed the voice of a Stronger Will and, pointing to the house, said sternly, "Go back, man! Go back to the house! Do you hear me?"

I paid no attention and passed on into the kitchen garden, where there is a bramble hedge, a very small path, and a great number of nettles. I walked round the kitchen garden four times, Jack groaning and cursing quietly behind, and occasionally turning on the Stronger Will.

Then, gathering speed, I rounded the house and made for the river; Jack gave a little yelp and began to run. Halfway to the river I began to feel chilly, so, turning sharply, I scurried back into the house and slipped for dear life up the back stairs, leaving Jack a long way behind.

Along the corridor I sleep-walked again, muttering a little, and for a very good reason. It seemed to me in the gloom that, as I approached, two of the doors were stealthily closed; it seemed to me also that I caught a glimpse of white and the suppressed chuckle of a lady.

So Mrs. Banbury was in the Great Stratagem as well!

I became immediately the prey of one of those impish, hasty resolutions which afflict the best of us at times.

At the corner of the corridor I turned and waited. I saw Jack come up the stairs and disappear in the direction of Stephen's room, breathing heavily, no doubt to summon Stephen's aid in good earnest. I then

stalked back along the corridor. This time the suspected door was quite certainly an inch or two ajar. I approached and firmly pushed it open. For I had decided that Mrs. Banbury should play the part designed for Jean.

"For shame!" you remark. You are right.

The door resisted a moment only, and was softly closed behind me as I stalked across the moonlit room.

"Excuse - me - I - must - post - these - letters—I - must - post - them - soon," I said rapidly, and turned.

The figure by the door made a faint giggling sound. I was surprised to see that she wore pyjamas—I had never thought of Mrs. Banbury in pyjamas.

"You must be tired after all that walking, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis softly.

"Good Lord!" I murmured. "The wrong room! I'm awfully sorry, Phyllis."

"I assume you are still asleep, Mr. Moon?"

"Of course!"

"Then I have no complaint to make," said Phyllis calmly. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'd better go"—and I moved towards the door.

"Too late," she whispered. "S'sh!"

There were voices outside—Jack's, "He went along here!" and Stephen's, "We mustn't wake him, whatever we do. There was a case once—" and Mary's, just going on and on.

I sat down in the window, Phyllis on the bed. It would be indelicate to describe a lady in these circumstances, and I shall not do it. I will only say that her hair was down, and was much longer than I had imagined.

"I suppose you realise, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis, "that you are 'compromising' me?" And I'm afraid she giggled again.

"On the stage," I replied, "or in a court of law, this would certainly amount to a compromising situation. But then, of course, I am asleep."

"Of course," said Phyllis.

"And, fortunately, few of us conduct ourselves as the law expects us to, even when awake."

"Of course," said Phyllis. "At the same time, if Mary Banbury came in—"

"She would be delighted."

"I'm afraid she would."

There was a knock at the door.

"This," I said, "is becoming like a French farce."

"There is one important difference, Mr. Moon."

"Yes?"

"The villain is asleep, Mr. Moon. Stay quiet behind the curtain, Mr. Moon." And she opened the door.

Jean slipped in, with an armful of sponges, fresh, it seemed, from the bath-room. She embraced Phyllis, which is unusual, and informed her shyly, as a secret, that a marriage had been arranged between herself and Stephen Trout on the previous Friday evening.

A certain amount of kissing took place.

"But why a secret?" said Phyllis, at last.

"Well, we don't want Mary to be able to say she brought it off. Stephen says it would throw a shadow over the whole of our married life. We shall go to Scotland or somewhere, and have a formal engagement there."

"Poor Mary," said Phyllis, chuckling. "Well, I won't tell—and Mr. Moon won't tell—because he's asleep."

"Mr. Moon!" said Jean blankly. "You may tell him if you like." The dear creature!

Deeply moved, I left my curtain and, swaying towards the astonished girl, shook her warmly by the hand, remarking dreamily: "Luck, oh, luck! Poor Mary! Open the door, open the door, the forest."

(Continued on Page xvi.)



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY.

IN this case a costly headgear of some lady Tut-Tut-Amen is "planted" on the lame hero in the creaking chair by the wife of a rival explorer in order that later on a confederate may steal it, so that not the rightful discoverer but her husband may claim the glory. Anon, the woman who sent the headgear is found murdered. It is a wild, weird, and wonderful story that puzzled the audience more than the most complicated jig-saw problem. The menu was: attempted murder, murder, clandestine wounding, theft, and such mystery of fleeting figures in the dark as would befog even an expert in crime. At times we found every one of the characters "Guilty, Milord!" The wife of the man of the chair because she was oh, so pale, so strange, so restless, so mad—she would even bite her husband for no reason whatever; the Egyptian servant, who does nothing in particular but glide across the stage mysteriously, like the boy in "Bella Donna" of "whatever my lady wants she must have" fame; the detective, because he was so strangely amateurish in his handling of the case that he made the Yard ridiculous and himself look suspicious; the Yellow Press young man, because he owed money and generally behaved as one who by too much effrontery awakened thoughts of an uneasy conscience; the man in the creaking chair himself, because he suddenly seemed to have recovered the use of his limbs—all appeared to have a finger in the pie, but who was who no one could tell. As usual, the least likely person was the wanted man, and he would never have been discovered had he not, as murderers will do, drifted back, for no particular reason, to the scene of crime. There were a thousand other complications so inexplicable to us that we had neither time nor brain to disentangle them. But we were glad when we found that at least one of our guesses was right. The headgear had not been stolen at all—it had been carefully removed by the faithful Scotch valet and hidden under the bolster in the creaking chair, where no thief would seek it. Now that was clever of the author. In one respect he made us feel duffers; in another he paid a tribute to our ingenuity. People are always pleased when they can say or nod to one another: "I told you so!" To me, when such plays are produced, the audience is a greater puzzle than the plot. What babies we are in the theatre! Here is a farrago of incidents, details, excursions and alarms beyond all plausibility. If we read it, we should say "Stuff and nonsense!" and throw the book aside. But when we see it, well acted on the whole by actors who are in dead earnest, and in their own way so natural that they make the preposterous seem real, we find it good fun. We cease to be critical. We let ourselves go as children before a Punch and Judy show; we are thrilled, whether we care to admit it or not, by the spookery around us, by the sudden "black-outs," by the wild cries in the dark, by the clatter of knives, by the mist and mystery of it all. Mr. Aubrey Smith as the man in the chair was imposing in his quietude, his assurance, his imperturbable composure when all around him was turmoil; Mr. Nigel Bruce as the stolid Scotch

valet, delightfully paired to Miss Olga Slade's maid, scored the great success of the evening on the comic side. He was a typical gentleman's gentleman, to whom his master was not a hero, but a sick, naughty boy to be kept in order. Miss Tallulah Bankhead as the hero's young wife, picked up somewhere "down East" to save her from a Geisha fate, cleverly indicated that she was not quite a lady, terribly jealous, and sometimes a little "not all there." We could not hear all she said—which in this case did not matter, but is generally a fault—but we liked to look at her. Such a comely blonde, with sad eyes submerged in kohl! Mr. Sam Livesey's Inspector Hart of the Yard deserves a special mention. He cleverly made a blend of the American methods of "grilling" the suspect with the more suave manner

acting, singing, and classical dancing, and every item showed intelligent preparation and skilful direction. Why should I single out any particular number when all played with such generous enthusiasm? Nor can I criticise in any captious or carping spirit, for one must expect immaturities of technique. It is enough that here are earnest students striving to overcome difficulties and taking their art seriously. For the art of the theatre is not easily won. Native gifts need the fostering care of experience to develop them. The student must bring energy, ambition, and the thirst for achievement to the task. Is not the theatre the microcosm of which life itself is the macrocosm? To walk the narrow cockpit of the stage, to give intensity and reality to the play, calls for intellect, imagination, enterprise. I felt it in this school. There is enterprise in the choice of short modern plays, and intellect plus imagination in the production of them. "The Renunciation of Sybil" was a happy augury of the quality of the playlets that followed, and apart from a tendency to inaudibility in places, it was acted with sympathy and grace. I was so glad to see again Helen Simpson's delightful fantasy, "Pan in Pimlico." It is a little cameo of exquisite sentiment, playful as a fairy-tale and tender as an idyll. Beautifully done, simple, sincere and natural, every word clearly spoken and every gesture free from the taint of theatricality, it appealed to one and all. Congratulations to these youthful players, for they are truly profiting in their endeavours; to Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Ben Webster for their splendid leadership on the dramatic side; and to Miss Janet Duff for her direction of both dancing and singing. Of such a programme, so well presented, Dame May Whitty may well be proud.—J. T. G.

III.

ITALIA CONTI'S CHILDREN.

TO the hardened revue-goer, it was certainly a novel experience to attend "The Littlest Revue," or "London Squalling," which was presented by Miss Italia Conti for a special matinée at the Aldwych Theatre. For the ages of these tiny performers ranged from three to thirteen, and it was a marvel to see what patience will achieve. Miss Italia Conti gave us a very varied performance; amusing lyrics and sketches, dances (solo and ballet) and clever skits comprised the programme. In an introductory short address, Miss Conti presented several small children, who "at half-an-hour's notice" had come forward to step into the shoes of leading ladies who had fallen ill. To our amazement, the understudies were about two feet high, aged from three to six, and came gallantly to the rescue of the "principals." Quite the *clou* of the short entertainment was "The Judgment of Paris Jun.," in which three tiny mites, with wonderful self-possession, recited a novel version of the old story, the apple

in the end being divided between the rival ladies, aged between three and four. Distinct promise was shown by an older girl, Annie Kasimir, who sang and danced with all the mannerisms of a full-blown music-hall star; and by Billy Pickles, the comedian.

The children all worked with great enthusiasm, and the revue went without a hitch, from the Bee-craft Baby Band of musicians, who played the overture by heart, and were conducted by a child of seven, to the epilogue, sung by Violet Durrant of the sweet, flute-like voice. It is a wonderful training that Miss Italia Conti is giving these children. J. T. G.



ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT POURVILLE: ARGENTINA, THE FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER, WHO HAS BEEN APPEARING AT THE CASINO.

Pourville is one of the most popular of the French seaside resorts, and this year many attractions have been provided for visitors during the season, which is now in full swing. A number of famous artists have been engaged to appear at the Casino. Argentina, the famous Spanish dancer, is the first on the list, and has been having a great success.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

of our own C.I.D. If the author did not create the real article, the actor made it look uncommonly like it. J. T. G.

II.

THE FLORENCE ETLINGER THEATRE SCHOOL.

IT is always a pleasure to watch the efforts of the younger generation graduating in their dramatic studies, and I went over to Paddington Street keenly anticipating a record of solid work. The programme of this, the 115th subscribers' performance, included

"Shake Your Feet"—in Piccadilly.



A CHARMING ARTIST OF THE NEW PRINCES' FRIVOLITIES: MISS HAZEL SHELLEY.

Miss Hazel Shelley is one of the charming artists who are appearing in the programme of the New Princes' Frivolities, which have proved such a success at Princes', the well-known Piccadilly restaurant. Her dance, "Shake Your Feet," is quite enchanting,

and she also gives "Down on the Farm" with the Athos Beauties (a number which she has helped to arrange), and appears with them also in "Hawaiian Moon." The programme is throughout an excellent one.—[*Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.*]



THE RETURN OF THE INVALID TO HIS CHAIR: SYLVIA (FABIA DRAKE), MR. LATTER (C. AUBREY SMITH), HART (SAM LIVESEY), HENLEY (MATTHEW BOULTON), AND ROSE (OLGA SLADE) (L. TO R.).



"PUT IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM": HART, THE DETECTIVE (SAM LIVESEY) TELLS ROSE (OLGA SLADE) TO REPLACE THE IMAGE.

"The Creaking Chair," the latest mystery play at the Comedy, is a thriller dealing with Ancient Egyptian relics. Latter, the Egyptologist, has been lamed by a knife thrown in a dark temple. He receives some valuable jewels from his partner, Carruthers, who is continuing the excavations, and on the morning after their receipt learns that Mrs. Carruthers has been murdered. The relics from Egyptian tombs play a strange rôle, as the lights are constantly being switched off, and those who wear amulets half-strangled by strange hands. Further complications are added by the discovery that Latter's daughter Sylvia owed money to the dead woman, and the behaviour of the second Mrs. Latter is most suspicious. Then the invalid suddenly vanishes from his "creaking chair" and apparently walks out. An explanation is naturally provided, and an unexpected murderer is brought to justice.

Plays of the Moment: No. XXXIII. "The Creaking Chair," at the Comedy.



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Films of the Moment: No. XXI. "A Boy of Flanders."



JACKIE COOGAN ATTEMPTS TO DISGUISE HIMSELF IN GIRL'S CLOTHES: THE YOUNG STAR OF THE NEW TIVOLI PRODUCTION.



PETRASCHE, THE WONDERFUL DOG, AND LITTLE NELLO: JACKIE COOGAN IN HIS LATEST PICTURE.



A "OUIDA" HERO PICTURED ON THE SCREEN: JACKIE COOGAN AS NELLO IN "A BOY OF FLANDERS."

Jackie Coogan, the wonderful child actor with the twinkling brown eyes, is now to be seen at the Tivoli in his second Metro picture, "A Boy of Flanders," which is based on "Ouida's" well-known short story, "A Dog of Flanders," adapted by Marian B. Jackson.

The screen drama was shown for the first time on Monday, August 4, and is to have an extended run. Jackie Coogan has a number of scenes with Petrasche, the wonderful dog actor who is his constant companion in "A Boy of Flanders."

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THERE was a general feeling of regret that the champion, Jean Borotra, was unable to represent France in the semi-final round of the European section of the Davis Cup competition



at Eastbourne. The match between our best player, A. R. F. Kingscote, and the open champion was eagerly looked forward to. However, France provided a very worthy substitute in the person of Henri Cochet. This young Frenchman was unable to play at Wimbledon this year. But he was here in 1922, when Anderson put him out of the championship in the fourth round. He is a wood-surface specialist, winning the world's covered court championships—both singles and doubles—at Barcelona last year. He also won (in 1922) the world's hard court championships—singles, doubles, and mixed. Grass courts are quite strangers to his game. His victory over Kingscote was therefore a very creditable one indeed. The score of 3-6, 6-4,

4-6, 6-3, 6-3 in Cochet's favour quite accurately represents the run of the match. Both players employed the volley at every opportunity, so that long rallies were rare—the man at the net dealing decisively with any ball which smacked of longevity.

Cochet, in temperament, rivals his compatriot, Lacoste. He is coolness personified. After the third set, when he was led two sets to one, he started on the last two sets as placidly as if he were about to begin a best out of three match, and won them with the

loss of only three games in each by a really beautiful display of lawn-tennis.

Lacoste was in fine form, too, when he beat Gilbert. But in this match the ball was

allowed to bounce a great deal more than in the Kingscote-Cochet affair. Lacoste was driving with such a perfect appreciation of length that it really seemed as if some unseen hand pushed the base-line out just an extra inch or so to make the ball "in." In the second set Gilbert appeared to have the upper hand, but could not quite clinch the matter. He was forced to play his opponent from the back of the court—a game which is not to his liking. But he had no choice, Lacoste keeping him so much on the defensive that he could get nothing back strong enough or of sufficient quality to justify his coming up to the net. The Frenchman won in three straight sets, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3.

At the time of writing (Monday, July 28), when the doubles are down for decision, rain seems likely to prevent any play at all. Cochet especially must have thought how utterly impracticable grass is as a surface for the game, and longed for the wood floor and a covered court on which he excels. In any case, France had only to win one more event to win the match and enter the final of the European section of the Davis Cup contest.

Eastbourne has been chosen for the meeting between Yale and Harvard and Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford still refuse to give their lawn-tennis "six" the full blue, and the inequality in the distribution of colour



continues to offend my eye whenever I see two men, one from each 'Varsity, sitting in close proximity. At Frinton there was an unusual sight—so unusual that I felt no regret that I had aired my ignorance by inquiring about it. It had evidently been enticed out by the head-gear of Lacoste, Borotra, and the South African, Spence. I refer to a cap with a nice, large, sensible peak (almost as big as the fair Helen's eyeshade) which H. W. Standring was wearing at the Burrow-cum-Bangs tournament. During a very long association with first-class lawn-tennis I have never seen—or even known that there was—such a thing as a half-blue cap in connection with the equipment of a member of the Oxford lawn-tennis "six." It looked very nice—I'm not complaining about it, I welcome it. We are very short of caps in this country. If we cannot win, or get into the final of, our own championship, we need not be behind France and America and Australia in the matter of head-dress.

But to return to the Oxford cap; I was so interested in the matter of Standring's

appearance at Frinton that I consulted that expert in the matter of clothes, "Lizzie" Lezard. He it was who invented the "All-Weather" or "En-tous-cas" dressing-gown—a most beautiful creation, as all those who were privileged to stay at the White House Hotel would admit. I asked "Lizzie" if (when he had recovered sufficiently from the shock of getting his lawn-tennis blue at Cambridge) he instructed his tailor to supply him with a light blue cap, or if, as a matter of course, when the azure contents were unpacked, it was found to be included in the equipment. With the true legal mind, he gave me no direct answer. But, piecing together his equivocations and ambiguities, I came to the conclusion that at Cambridge the cap was practically unknown in connection with the lawn tennis blue.

That a member of the "six" is entitled to a cap there seems little doubt; and, now that there is a vogue for peaks and eye-shades, one may expect to see the courts in future further enhanced by the presence of light-blue caps.

The Americans seem to award their honours for games by employing enormous initials of the Universities in question, worked on the sweater or shirt. In this way you at any rate know exactly who your opponent is. Yale and Harvard have produced in recent years a far higher standard of lawn-tennis player than either Oxford or Cambridge.

The Dohertys and Wilding excepted, no Blue or Half-Blue has stood out as a really great player for ages. Hope Crisp showed great promise in 1914. But, alas! the war—in which he was seriously wounded—curtailed his lawn-tennis career. He was the first to receive a full blue for the game, in 1913.



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Shade of Dickens: "It is often consoling to me, Johnnie Walker,
to hear people explain that you are as well
known as Pickwick."

Johnnie Walker: "Yes, and as equally sought after."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

The Cabinet you will Eventually Buy.



You can buy the Compactom Clothing Cabinet wherever really good furniture is sold.

Models are being displayed this month in the windows of the following Agents:

BATH - Jolly & Sons, Ltd.
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 BOURNEMOUTH - J. J. Allen, Ltd.
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 LEAMINGTON SPA - F. E. Blake & Son.
 LEEDS - Denby & Spinks, Ltd.
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 LIVERPOOL - Finnigans Ltd.
 LIVERPOOL - Pioneer Stores, Ltd.
 LIVERPOOL - Allen & Appleyard.
 MAIDENHEAD - J. C. Webber & Sons, Ltd.
 MANCHESTER - Finnigans, Ltd.
 MANCHESTER - Kendal, Milne & Co.
 MARGATE - Bobby & Co., Ltd.
 MIDDLESBOROUGH - H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
 NEWMARKET - Cole & Co.
 NORTHAMPTON - Jeffery, Sons & Co., Ltd.
 NOTTINGHAM - Smart & Brown, Ltd.
 OLDHAM - Buckley & Prockter.
 PETERBOROUGH - Alexander Thomson.
 READING - Heelas, Sons & Co., Ltd.
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and at

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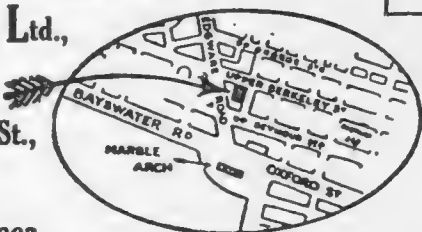
COMPACTOM, Ltd.,

"VANTAGE HOUSE,"

41-44, Upper Berkeley St.,

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The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

May we send you details of the Ladies' Model? It is companionable to this.

The preference for the Compactom Clothing Cabinet is due to the steadily spreading conviction that it is the most efficient, sensible and economical dressing device that has ever been developed—a tribute which only a Cabinet of the finest quality can merit.

In addition to its obvious capacity it displays every article to view, allows a free withdrawal and replacement of suits, shirts, ties, etc., etc., without disturbance or crush.

It is beautiful in design, perfect in detail, and in point of structural solidity unexcelled.

29½ Guineas.

Delivered free in England, Scotland and Wales.

Purchase by Deferred Payments may be arranged.

We think you will eventually like to see our Catalogue. May we send one now?

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Warwick Wright Says

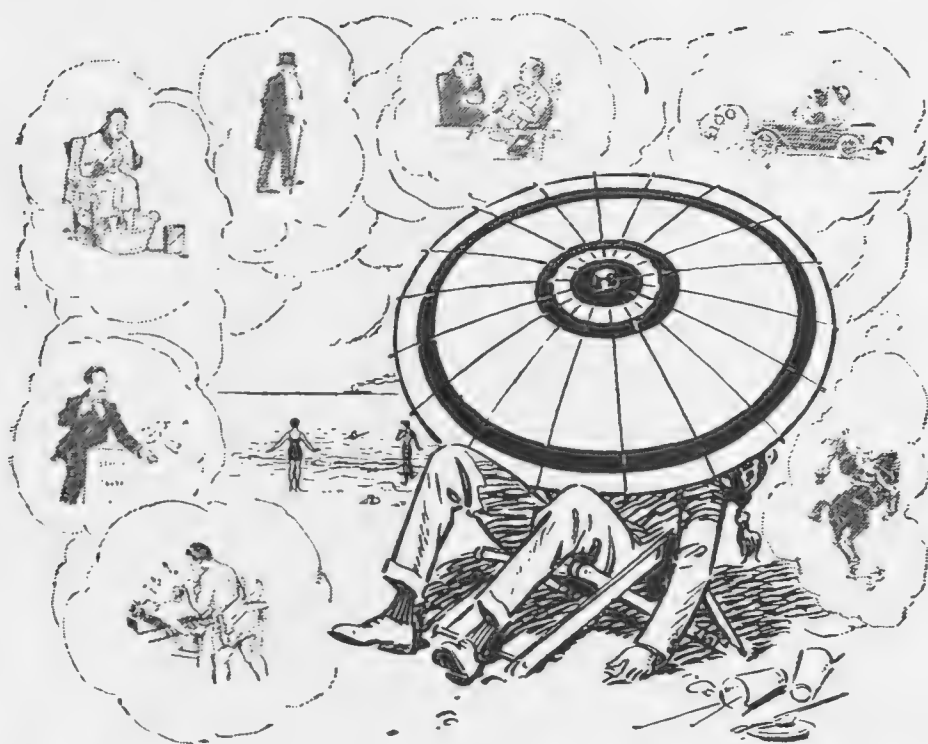
*I have nothing to say, except
that I am away on a holiday.*

I CAN do this without disturbing the affairs of my firm, in spite of a steadily increasing volume of business, because my organisation does not depend upon any single individual.

My colleagues are, of course, envying my week or two of freedom, and whilst I am away they will naturally try to break all records in order to prove that I am a mere figurehead.

During my absence they will probably be exceptionally generous in making allowance for your old car in part exchange for a Sunbeam, Talbot or Darracq. As for the rest, the Pay-as-you-Ride scheme is at your service.

Now is the time.



Warwick Wright Ltd.

150, NEW BOND STREET,

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Telephone: Mayfair 2904

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Sunbeam · Talbot · Darracq



Bowood.

*The seat of the
Marquess of Lansdowne,
who is a Sunbeam owner.*



SUNBEAM

Models and Prices

12/30 h.p. 4-cylinder Touring Car ...	£570
14/40 h.p. 4-cylinder Touring Car ...	£685
16/50 h.p. 6-cylinder Touring Car ...	£850
20/60 h.p. 6-cylinder Touring Car ...	£950
24/70 h.p. 6-cylinder Touring Car	£1,295

The Security of Four-Wheel Brakes

No one who has driven a Sunbeam Car equipped with Sunbeam four-wheel brakes will ever—willingly—go back to a car which is braked through the rear wheels only. The introduction of four-wheel brakes, of such proved reliability as those incorporated in the Sunbeam system, is one of the most progressive steps in the history of automobile design.

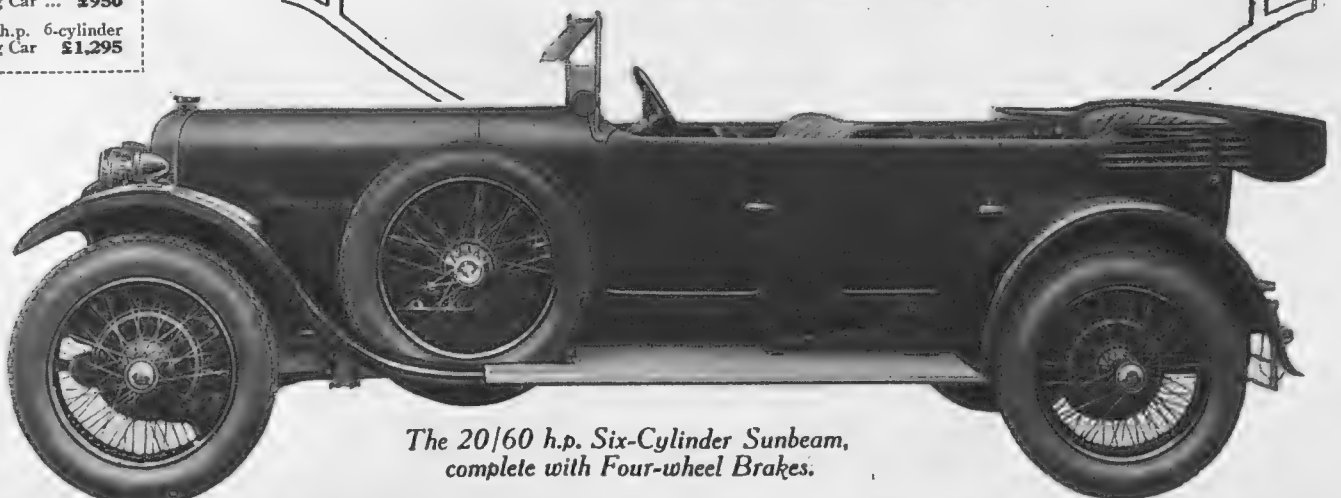
Sunbeam brakes apply the braking power progressively. The steering is not affected by the action of the front-wheel brakes, and tyre wear is much more evenly distributed.

Only long experience under every conceivable condition could evolve such wonderful four-wheel brakes as these. Such experience is reflected in every detail of Sunbeam design and has made the Sunbeam what it is to-day—"The Car Supreme."

All Sunbeam models, except the 12/30 h.p., are fitted with Four-wheel Brakes.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

N.B.—Look for the Red Triangle on the off-side rear wing. It is a distinguishing feature of the four-wheel braked Sunbeams.



*The 20/60 h.p. Six-Cylinder Sunbeam,
complete with Four-wheel Brakes.*

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LTD. HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS: WOLVERHAMPTON
London Showrooms and Export Dept.: 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Manchester Showrooms: 106 Deansgate

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Safety Hints for Drivers.

With admirable confidence the National "Safety First" Association collected in Westminster recently a large number of persons representing various organisations, with a view to gathering their best ideas of common-sense advice to drivers of motor-cars. Naturally these well-meaning

assume that the road is clear because you cannot see anything before you, as vehicles do cross the apparently empty road, and every side turning is a potential risk to those on the other road it leads to. As for the danger it is to overtake other vehicles at corners, bends, cross-roads, road-junctions, just before street refuges, or anywhere without the certain knowledge of a clear road and no one coming towards you, one would have thought common-sense would always prevent such things happening. But, alas! the inward impetus of getting past the other fellow is often leading drivers to do one or all of these things until the catastrophe happens, and then it is too late to remember these "don'ts." That is why the advice is given always to turn into or out of a road very slowly, and to drive so that you can pull up clear of any possible danger. Of course you may sound the horn, but you must

Likewise, inspect your car and see that the brakes and steering are in their best condition, as well as your lamps and lighting outfit. Mention of the latter raises all the old arguments about dazzle and anti-dazzle which have been worn threadbare by now, so need not be touched upon here. What is more important is the fourth rule: "Always anticipate danger." Those driving cars have found by experience that few people can be trusted to do the sensible thing. Children suddenly dart across the road; a pedestrian steps off the footway without the slightest sign of going to do so until the deed is done; cars and other vehicles change their course by suddenly turning out of their line of traffic, and it is the driver of the car that must anticipate these dangers to avoid accidents. In fact, though every driver ought to be able to correct a skid instinctively, yet if he anticipates danger properly he will rarely have one, because he will drive prepared for everyone else to be—well, a foolish person, so will seldom have to put his brakes on hard at a critical moment. Naturally, the advice is given to learn, give, and obey the recognised traffic signals as the fifth commandment of the road, as well as to pay attention to road warning signs; but it must always be remembered that the mere giving of a signal does not entitle you to obstruct other traffic. At the same time, always signal if you intend to slow down, stop, turn, or cross to the wrong side of the road, and do not endeavour to get there until you have looked to see that the way is clear for you to break across the traffic. As for the sixth rule, asking motorists to "obey the law in letter and spirit," as no one pays any heed whatsoever



THE MOTOR-BIKE RACER "LEFT SITTING": MR. J. MURRAY COMES A CROPPER AT THE TEMPLE MOTOR-CYCLE RACES, HELD AT TEMPLE, COUNTY DOWNS.

This curious snapshot shows Mr. J. Murray's spill in the Temple Motor-Cycle races, held at Temple, County Down, in which he was shot over his bicycle's head and left sitting on the road. The elaborate padding of the wall at the dangerous corner should be noted.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

folk did not suggest that all drivers are lacking in this quality; but, judging from some of the remarks expressed by those present, few outside those attending the meeting ought to be allowed to take charge of a perambulator, let alone a real "live and kicking" motor-car. Anyway, with the recent addition in the past year of a further 200,000 motor-cars and cycles on our roads, (according to the statistics issued in July by the Ministry of Transport) to the 1,000,000 already there, it is time, perhaps, some of the newcomers should have authoritative advice as to what to do and when to do it, as well as some idea of what is discourteous and what is "good form" when using our well-travelled highways. Consequently, the "six cardinal rules for safe driving" issued by this Association are worthy of their attention. Number one is: "Always keep your eyes open and your wits alert"; not that it is supposed that drivers sleep *en route*, but they must not let their attractive passengers keep their attention off the road in front of them. A driver recently was fined because he had another pair of arms round his neck besides his own at the steering-wheel, and one newspaper styled this procedure as "motoring *de luxe*." Other drivers gave the act quite another title, but the rider will perhaps now remember that the human element is to blame in the vast majority of accidents.

Consideration and Courtesy.

Always drive as you would wish others to drive, is the purport of the second rule for safe driving, which interpreted means, cultivate road-sense, and drive considerately and courteously. For it is dangerous and discourteous to take corners on the wrong side, to cut in or to cut things too fine, which habits are not as uncommon as they ought to be. It is equally wrong to

not imagine that you can hoot trouble away, or that your warning signal has been heard. It is no excuse if you run down a pedestrian to tell the magistrate you sounded the horn and the other party took no notice. Also, bustling through the crowd struggling on to a tram or trying to board a motor-bus is wicked bad form; gets motorists into disrepute, and fosters the belief that they are plutocrats. They are not—or, at least, not most of them.

Control and Anticipation.

There are people who descend hills just too fast to have proper control of the car should something suddenly cross its path; and the third rule is "Always keep yourself and your vehicle in safe driving order." Of course, a blind man can get a driving license, but this rule suggests that you must not only be able to control your vehicle, but your nerves must be in good order, else they may fail you at the critical moment. Therefore, keep fit if you can, but never drive except slowly when you are not "in the pink."



A GOLD CUP WINNER AS A MASCOT FOR HIS OWNER'S AUTOMOBILE: HAPPY MAN IN EFFIGY ON MRS. HARDY'S CAR.

Mrs. Hardy, whose Happy Man won the Ascot Gold Cup last year, has a beautifully modelled statuette of the horse as a mascot to her car.

Photograph by S. and G.

to the present speed-limit, the law in this case is *ex. div.* as regards this item, so the less remarks made on this matter the better, or perhaps the sooner we shall get a new Motor-Car Act.



Lord Derby Finds a Way.

Somewhere or other, the golf season is always at its height, and one of the problems of the player who spends February or March in the South of France, comes back to town till August, and then goes to the seaside, is to find a place where he can pursue his recreation in peace. He is ever in the thick of the madding crowd. Lord Derby went a long way towards solving the difficulty when he started the Swinley Forest Club, near Ascot, with its membership limit

public-house, and told the indignant customers, who on the following day found it closed at the customary hour of opening, that they had bought it for themselves. It would be difficult nowadays to discover twenty people in any district of Britain whom the tax-collector had left with a surplus sufficient to enable them to own a golf club; but Lord Derby and his friends have shown that something can be done to avert long waits for starting times, and further delays on the teeing-grounds nearly all the way round.

Two-Course Clubs.

where that the

It is one of the difficulties confronting the administrators of golf clubs everywhere that the main armies of members want to play on the same days, and at almost the same hours. This, no doubt, is a natural result of the appointed order of the average person's life. Saturdays and Sundays afford him his chief opportunities for recreation in a workaday week, and August is the month in which he goes to the seaside for the annual family holiday. Still, the fact that congestion occurs on golf courses in spasms is rendered none the less harassing by the fact that it is unavoidable. It is the reason that such clubs as Sunningdale, Walton Heath, and Addington have had to provide themselves with two full-

length courses, and that Moor Park (Rickmansworth) has felt it necessary to have three. During the London season, these places would be killed by their own popularity if they each had only one course; half the members would have to wait hours for a starting-time on a fine Saturday or Sunday, and would resign rather than suffer such repression.

Five-Day Members.

If only the play could be spread evenly over the week—and therefore over the year—no club would need more than one course. That, presumably, is impossible so long as it is part of the scheme of business life for everybody to take his recreation at the same time. A great many clubs offer very advantageous terms to people who are prepared to take up five-day memberships; but it does not often happen that they obtain all the five-day members they want, and in most cases, the numbers of such recruits are very small. Yet those same clubs have waiting lists for full membership. The person

who could devise a means whereby players might be attracted to the courses in mid-week—and not on Saturdays and Sundays—would deserve well of golf-club committees. The problem of making two courses contribute towards their upkeep in the periods between week-ends—when both are full to overflowing—is a difficulty which nobody has yet solved.

Man's Mistake.

Lady members might provide the solution. At many of the more famous clubs, ladies are not eligible for membership, although they are allowed to play on the courses under certain conditions and on certain days. It is a rather curious fact, however, that while the average committee-man thinks that Monday till Friday gives the feminine golfer plenty of time in which to pursue the game, since—as he supposes—she has nothing else very urgent to do all day and every day, the ladies themselves take an entirely different view of the matter. Thus far, they have not shown any violent enthusiasm for five-day memberships; they prefer to be able to play on Saturdays and Sundays as well if they wish to do so. Whether skilfully conducted propaganda in the domestic life could change this state of affairs I do not know. I fear it would fail. Not long ago, I happened to be journeying from the links to the railway station in a motor-car which contained four ladies who engaged in debate on this question. They all declared stoutly that they could play as efficiently as a lot of the men who muddled round on Saturdays and Sundays; that they wanted to play on those days; that they were willing to pay the necessary subscriptions; and that it was nothing short of oppression by men in power that compelled them to abstain from week-end golf.

Equal Rights.

Ladies now have generous starting rights at any time on the Moor Park courses, and I believe that they have equal privileges with men on any day of the week on the old course at Addington. Here, unquestionably, is a means-



ONE OF THE BEST GOLF COURSES IN FRANCE: THE FIRST GREEN ON THE DIEPPE GOLF COURSE.

of 200, and its rigid restrictions as to the introduction of visitors, and it is interesting to learn that he has had a big hand in the inauguration of a club on similar lines at Cannes, where Mr. H. S. Colt has laid out a very fine course—of the Swinley Forest and Sunningdale type—high up in the hills about five miles from the town. It is to be opened in September, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. K. N. V. Bunbury, who has done so much to give Worplesdon its high position in the estimation of golfers, has been appointed secretary.

Finance.

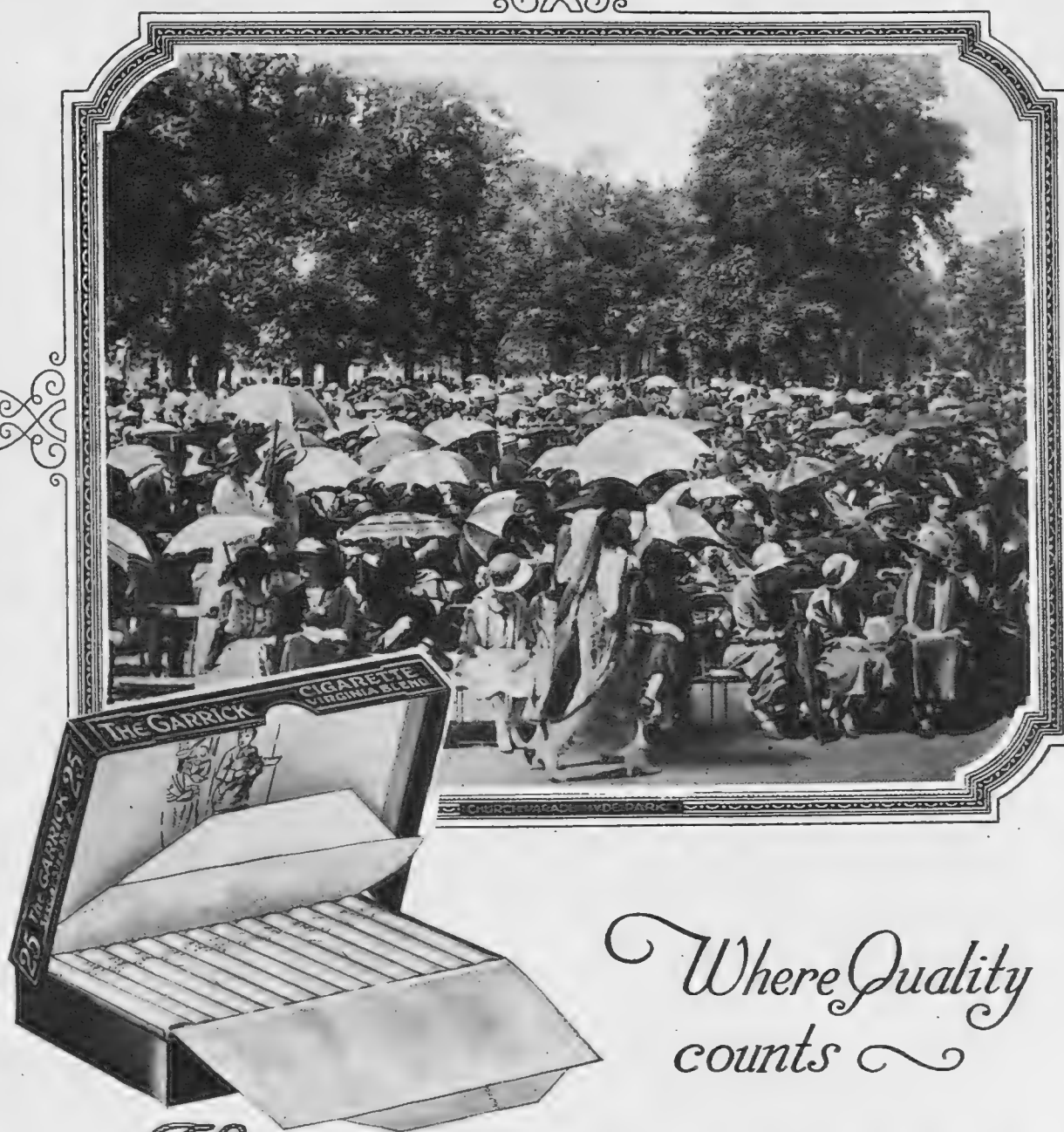
Be it said that these are not "millionaires' clubs," as so many people suppose. I forget the exact subscription to Swinley Forest, but it is certainly not very terrible, and I understand that the subscription to the new club at Cannes is to be fifteen guineas—a sum which is charged at a number of courses in this country where the congestion at certain periods of the year is acute. The idea is to create a golfing sanctuary whither the member may go with some assurance of being able to play his round in comfort; and presumably the committees find that this dispensation can be supplied at a reasonable cost. In America, it is no uncommon thing for about twenty wealthy inhabitants of a town to provide themselves with the best course and club-house that money can buy, and share the expense—whatever it may be—each year. This is the surest guarantee of freedom from overcrowding. Even does it rival the enterprise of the two munition workers who, during the war, purchased a



A PICTURESQUE TEE: ONE OF THE EXTRA NINE HOLES OF THE DIEPPE GOLF COURSE.

Dieppe, which boasts one of the best golf courses in France—under the genial direction of Colonel Gerst—has, as well as the full course, an extra nine holes.

of developing the mid-week clientèle, but it does not help to solve the problem of the crowded course at week-ends. The contrariness of this world is very trying.



*Where Quality
counts*

The
GARRICK
Virginia Blend Cigarette

Special Size No. 2
reigns supreme

LAMBERT & BUTLER, ENGLAND
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain & Ireland) Ltd.



The woman who uses Lux need never worry about her hands. Lux is as mild as the finest toilet soap: it leaves the hands white and soft



Lux for everything you wash yourself

There are many dainty things that you separate from the ordinary household washing because they are too precious to trust to other hands, too frail to risk in the family wash. Wash them with Lux. Lux will not harm anything that water alone will not harm.

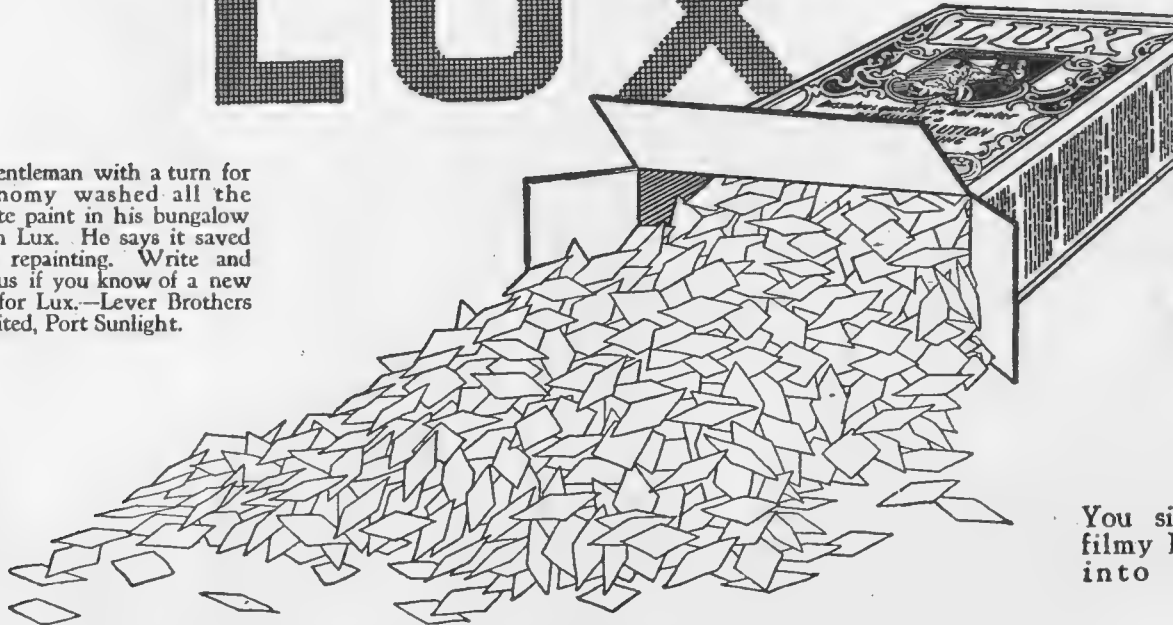
Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing

your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.

LUX

A gentleman with a turn for economy washed all the white paint in his bungalow with Lux. He says it saved him repainting. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux.—Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



1. Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather.



2. Add cold water to give required temperature.



3. Dip and redip in this pure rich lather.



4. Rinse in clean water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.

You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.



Even the amateur housewife is sure of success if she does her cooking by gas. It is simple, speedy, and as clean as the proverbial new pin.

The Bohemia of To-Day.

And what, exactly, is Bohemia? Nowadays, it is by no means confined to the haunts of a small group of unconventional artists; it embraces the multitudes of busy women who live alone in flats and rooms, imbued with the same independent spirit as the old Bohemian gypsies. Artists, actresses, business women, and students, every second of their time is precious, and they owe their success in no small measure to the wonderful achievements of gas. Imagine the busy woman who has to be away early in the morning struggling with obstinate fires before she can get her breakfast, or an actress returning late at night having to re-light the fire before she can even refresh herself with a modest cup of tea! Life would certainly be devoid of all comforts under these circumstances, and one has only to consider a few of the numberless benefits bestowed by gas to appreciate its invaluable qualities.

Good Cooking Without a Cook.

To begin with, no woman who has to face a strenuous day's work is anxious to add to it by rising extremely early in order to light the fire and cook her breakfast. With a small gas-ring, quite a substantial meal can be prepared in a few minutes. It will fry bacon, poach eggs, etc., and heat the water without the slightest difficulty. Its usefulness even extends to cooking a hot dinner with the aid of a steamer. The modern gas-cookers are indispensable items of the kitchen furniture. They are economical—for the whole dinner may be cooked at the same time, various rings being used for vegetables and sauces, while the oven is cooking the joint and entrée—and clean, with no coals and ashes to be constantly removed. Last, but by no means least in importance, they are ready at any time of day or night without any preliminary preparations.

Gas-cookers mean a clean, cool kitchen, and perfectly cooked food at the minimum expense.

Constant Hot Water.

An unlimited supply of hot water at any moment of the twenty-four hours is a blessing which is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed by a fortunate few. There are several varieties of gas water-heating appliances which can be easily installed in the smallest cottage. They work independently of the kitchen cooker, and mean comfort and economy for large or small households. There is the circulating boiler, heated by gas or gas-coke, through which water is continually circulating to the hot-water cylinder, so that there is a constant supply to all taps in the house. Then the combined gas-heater and hot-water storage system is excellent when small quantities of water are required rapidly in addition to the bath. The geyser also provides instantaneous hot water when needed, and can be turned off directly afterwards, so that the practical economy of such a system is obvious. Taking the average cost of gas for the whole country, the cost of a hot bath from the geyser works out roughly at the modest sum of 1½d.

GAS IN BOHEMIA.

Warmth Without Waiting.

Everyone realises the cheerlessness of arriving home cold and wet, only to be met by an empty grate, and the prospect of having to wait nearly an hour before the room is really warm. A gas-fire, on the contrary, can be lighted in an instant. No coals are needed, no ashes are made, and one is pleasantly warm in a few minutes. The modern gas-stoves are artistically designed to harmonise with every scheme of decoration, and they radiate heat without smoke or smuts to damage valuable books and pictures. Here again the economy of turning the gas on and off just when it is needed is obvious, without counting the immense saving in labour it entails. Briefly, gas used for cooking and heating means a perfect servant always at one's command; and one, incidentally, that asks no wages and is a permanency!

"The Seven Ages of Women."

Bohemians, like everyone else, are wending their way to Wembley, and they must on no account fail to visit the wonderful exhibit of the British Commercial Gas Association. The building is divided into two halls, the first of which is devoted to a rest lounge for visitors, surrounded by model rooms. "The Seven Ages of Women" are of special interest, and an illuminating brochure relating to this exhibit and illustrating the important part played by gas will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper. Applications and requests for advice on any problems dealing with the installation and use of gas apparatus should be made to the Secretary of the British Commercial Gas Association, 30, Grosvenor Gardens, Westminster, S.W.



Friendly warmth and a congenial companion are delights which can be enjoyed at any hour when one possesses an artistically designed gas-stove which can be lit at a moment's notice and instantly radiates heat.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.

Small Hats for Town and Country.

Women are becoming more and more attached to those diminutive hats of felt and duvetyne which are simplicity itself, and yet lend a well-groomed appearance to every town or country toilette. It is superfluous, I admit, to dwell upon the excellent qualities of the hats of this genre made by Lincoln Bennett, 40, Piccadilly, W., for

suitable for all occasions, include a well-built pair of white suede faced with tan, which can be obtained for 39s. 6d. For the actual journey, one can become the possessor of a wonderfully compact blouse and hat case for 35s.—an investment which will prove invaluable for subsequent week-ends. It is built of japanned canvas, completed with leather corners, and an inside steel frame, and is fitted with convenient hat cones and straps.

holiday time, for the soft, natural bloom which it imparts is not affected in any way by heat or by the natural moisture of the skin, and, furthermore, it will not rub off. Nor does it clog the pores or impair the most delicate skin. Consequently, "Couleur de Rose" is quite undetectable, and achieves a natural, perfect complexion which will retain its loveliness indefinitely. Another advantage lies in the



A captivating cloche of duvetyne piped with lizard-skin, which may be seen at Lincoln Bennett's, 40, Piccadilly, W.

their fame is frankly universal; but I cannot resist describing a few of their delightful new models, some of which are pictured on this page. First of all, the captivating little felt cloche pictured on the left of this page is unexpectedly piped with lizard; and the becoming affair opposite is built entirely of stitched waterproof silk. Next to it is a soft duvetyne piped with petersham ribbon; and below are two equally attractive affairs, one expressed in duvetyne and the other in felt. All these models are obtainable in soft "fur" colourings, trimmed with ribbon to tone. Another fascinating model takes the shape of a jockey cap in felt, the segments marking the crown revealing glimpses of corded ribbon underneath. It is impossible to do justice in so small a space to the wide diversity of models, which are equally useful for town or country, and all readers should write for an illustrated booklet, which will be sent gratis and post free.

Everything for Scotland.

I advise everyone who wishes to assemble an expensive holiday outfit for the moors to visit Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., where there is a diversity of useful bargains. Neat little all-wool cardigans worked in Chinese patterns and colourings can be secured for 1 guinea, and jumpers to match are only 17s. 6d. Then, well-tailored coats and skirts of real Harris tweed, in moorland colourings, are obtainable for 8 guineas, completed with practical patch pockets and lined with weatherproof twill. For shooting, golf and fishing they are ideal, and will enjoy a long and useful life. Next on the list, of course, comes the inevitable raincoat; and useful light-weight trench coats of shot Egyptian cloth, in several shades, are obtainable for 3½ guineas. As for shoes, brogues of every description are available at really moderate prices, and a number of distinctive low-heeled models,

Treatment for Every Facial Defect.

One sees frequently beautiful women marred by a small detail—a sagging eyelid, lines round the mouth, or prominent salt-cellars in the neck; and still more often, plain women who would be utterly transformed were the disfiguring lines and blemishes on the face entirely banished. Yet this is a state of affairs which should never be allowed to continue, for, like the "might have beens" in "Dear Brutus," everyone is granted a second chance who seeks the aid of the Hystogen Institute, at 40, Baker Street, W., where Mr. Charles Willi carries out treatments which he guarantees will entirely eradicate all such defects, permanently and painlessly. Restoring the firm contours of youth and banishing all traces of wrinkles or sagging muscles are the aims of this well-known expert. An interesting little brochure giving full details of the Hystogen treatment will be sent gratis and post free to all readers who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

"Couleur de Rosé."

Few could resist the seduction of such a delightful name as "Couleur de Rose," and the new liquid rouge for which it stands is as irresistible as its title. I have discovered that it is quite invaluable during



Two more becoming models from Lincoln Bennett, expressed in duvetyne and felt, trimmed with petersham ribbon.



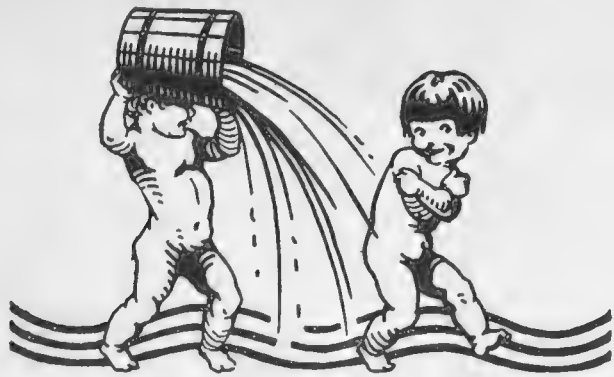
Two useful little hats for town and country sponsored by Lincoln Bennett. Stitched waterproof silk makes the one on the left, and duvetyne bound with corded silk that on the right.

fact that it will attain just the right tint to suit every colouring, blonde or brunette, and ordinary face powder can be used afterwards to add the finishing touch. When, in addition to these merits, one realises the fact that the modest sum of 2s. 6d. secures an attractive box containing a goodly-sized bottle, a tiny sponge and a fragrant rose-scented sachet, it is obvious that "Couleur de Rose" should find its way into the dressing-case of every fastidious woman. It can be obtained from all chemists and stores of prestige; but should difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to Granville and Co., 35, New Cavendish Street, W.

"4711" Eau-de-Cologne.

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(Continued overleaf.)



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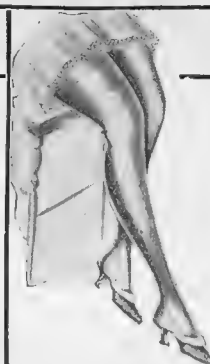
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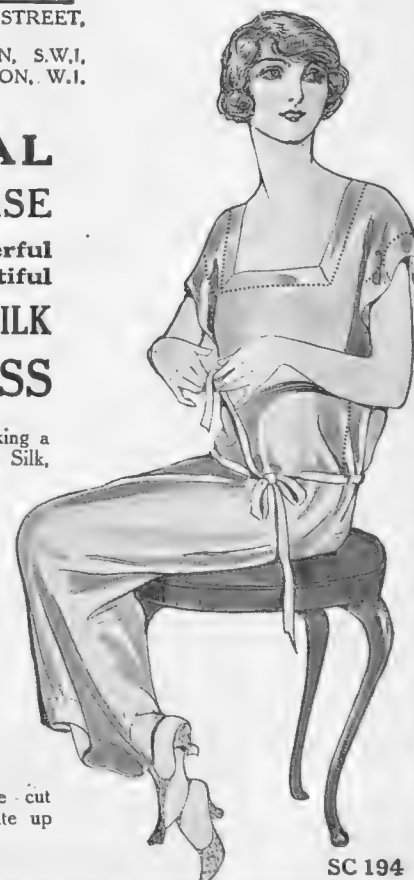
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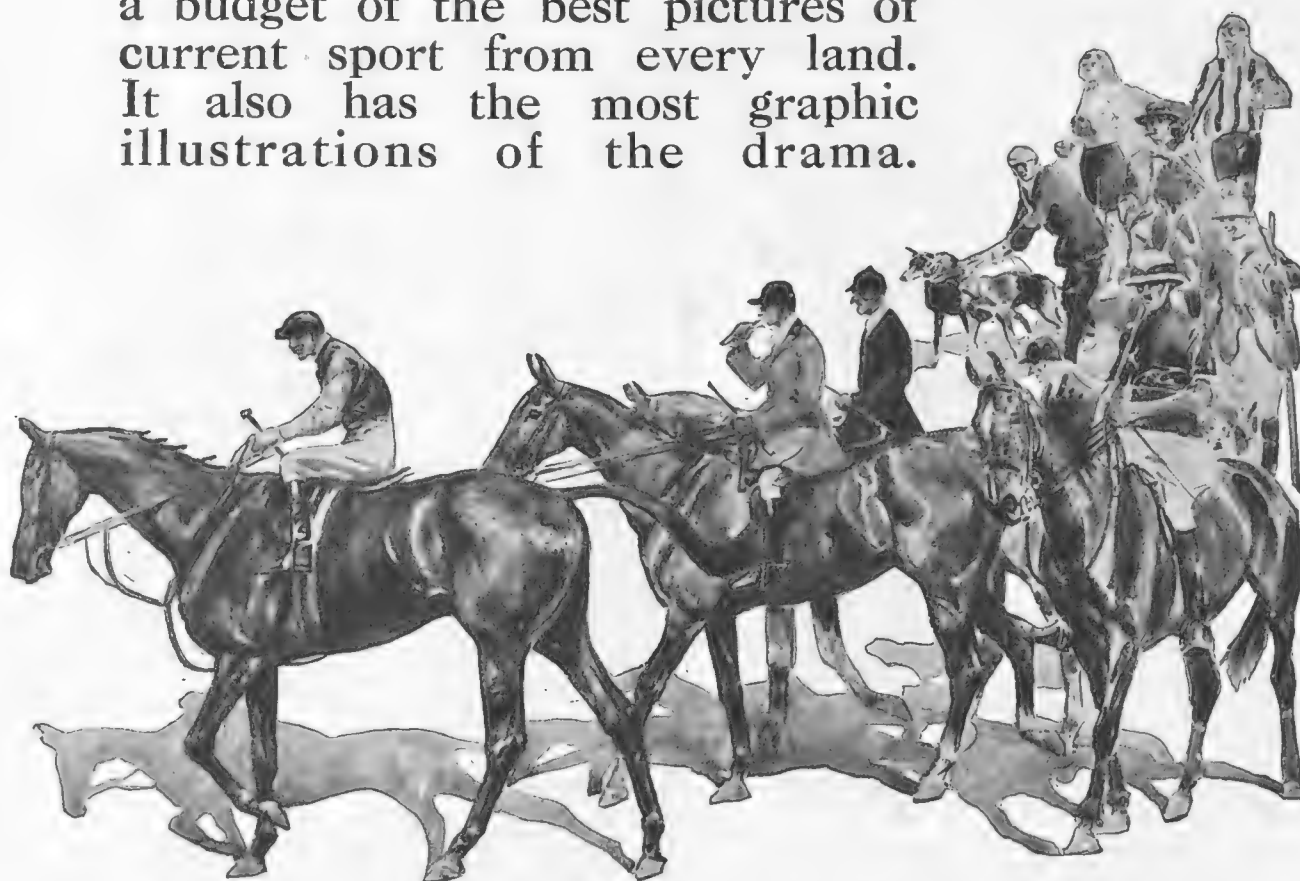
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The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight, boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

Open front insures perfect comfort, while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing makes the girdle easy to adjust as you become more slender.

Who Else Wants a Youthful-looking Figure Instantly?

As the Madame X Reducing Girdle absolutely will not "ride up," it gives a much evenier slenderness to your figure than regular corsets—minus all the agony and torture. Old-fashioned stiff corsets concealed fat in one place only to have it bulge in another place. But the Madame X Reducing Girdle not only draws in your waist and makes you appear more slim: it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely. It completely smoothes away the ugly fat, and gives those even, unbroken lines to the figure so that the smartest and most fashionable frocks and gowns can be worn by any woman with comfort and distinction.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles. It is made of the most resilient steam-cured Para rubber especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the undergarment. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has suspenders attached—and is so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually. The constant, gentle massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, and is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in the first few days.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvellous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just post the coupon at side and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Those who have worn it say that you feel like a new person when you put it on. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, and indulge in all outdoor sports with the old-time enthusiasm. Post the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. **THOMPSON BARLOW CO., Dept. 408, 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.**

Thompson Barlow, Dept. 408,
14, Regent Street,
London, S.W.1.

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle, and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name

Address

Town.....

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE KNITTED SUITS

Smart simplicity is the note for Knitted Suits for early Autumn wear. The new models in this section are particularly interesting, and are made on well-tailored lines.

KNITTED SUIT (as sketch), exclusive to Harvey Nichols, made from best quality hard-wearing yarn, in a three-tone small check design in soft autumnal colourings, suitable for the moors.

PRICE
10½ Gns.



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



NOW IS THE TIME
to look out your FURS and have them prepared for the coming Winter Season. We specialise in the **remodelling** and **renovating** of all kinds of Furs and our expert advice is at your service entirely free of charge. If unable to call, send your Furs to us and our reply will reach you by return of post.

FINEST WEST END WORK AT CITY PRICES.
We are highly recommended by the "Queen" and the "Lady," to whom you may refer at any time. The largest number of testimonials ever received by any firm of Furriers is open for your inspection.

MOTHITE, a wonderful preventative against moths; odourless.
2/6 per tin, post free.
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see that all your garments are marked with

**CASH'S
WOVEN NAMES** "a few stitches and they're on"

The neatest and best method of preventing loss. Your name is woven on fine cambric tape and of the following fast colours:—Turkey Red, Black, Green, Gold, Helio, Sky or Navy Blue lettering.
5/- for 12 doz.; 3/9 for 6 doz.; 2/9 for 3 doz.
Obtainable from all drapers and outfitters at a few days' notice. A special and finer tape, for marking handkerchiefs and small articles, is supplied if required. Samples and full list of styles FREE on application.

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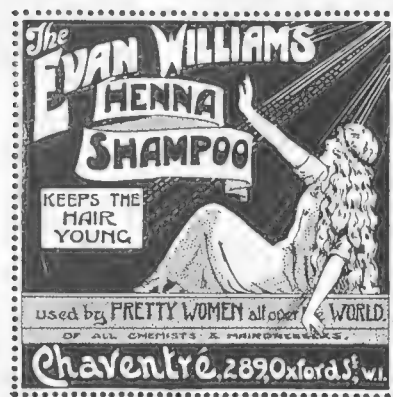
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How to attain a fashionable figure

Those who wish for the slim figure which is essential to present-day fashions, should write for the booklet "Obesity" describing the simple, successful and pleasant Energen method of weight reduction.

Gratis and post free from (Dept. S3).

ENERGEN WORKS: 1, Bridge Road, WILLESDEN, N.W.10.



THE EVAN WILLIAMS HENNA SHAMPOO
KEEPS THE HAIR YOUNG
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OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.
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Price includes Hotels and Rail.
£8 8s. 14 Days' Belgian Sea-Coast, Excursions Nieupoort, Bruges, etc.
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To Visitors from Overseas and the Provinces



WHEN YOU ARE AT WEMBLEY

Visit the **BIG SIX KIOSK,**

in the Main Avenue, between the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering, (opposite Stephenson's gate).

There you will always find

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
THE SPHERE
THE SKETCH
THE TATLER

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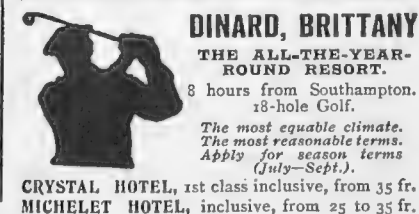
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1/6 & 2/6 PER BOTTLE FROM CHEMISTS HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES
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Let us Develop Your Spoils
BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE
Always Ready Same Day—Moderate Charges
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DINARD, BRITTANY
THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RESORT.
8 hours from Southampton. 18-hole Golf.
The most equable climate. The most reasonable terms. Apply for season terms (July—Sept.).
CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st class inclusive, from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL, inclusive, from 25 to 35 fr.



MODEL 13

'Glenelta' Regd. *Hat*

The Latest Idea in a
FEATHERWEIGHT
FUR FELT
for early Autumn wear

20/-

Securely boxed and sent post
free to any address in the U.K.

The brim is firmly wired at edge and bound with faille ribbon. Trimmed
with Felt band and bow at front with binding at edge to match the brim.

Colours—Light Grey, Dark Grey, Beaver, Gold, Nigger,
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Pettigrew & Stephens, Ltd.
185 SAUCHIEHALL ST., GLASGOW

The fragrance that has captivated Paris



LE JADE *Perfume*

The Parisienne reveals rare discrimination
in her choice of Perfume, and her utter
surrender to the fascination of Le Jade has
been sufficient to introduce this latest creation
of Roger & Gallet to ladies all over the
world. You, too, will find it a most intriguing
perfume, delicately carrying the fragrance of
the sunny gardens of Southern France, aglow
with many flowers.

Perfume 8/-, Powder 2/6, Soap 7/6
per box, Sachet 1/-

Send 1/- P.O. for Miniature Casket of Le Jade Specialties
to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., 14, Poland Street, W.1.

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22 Rue des Capucines

(Next door to
the Lloyds and
Provincial Bank)

PARIS

Telephone :
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RENEE



WHAT disappointment! To
offer a Melachrino Cigar-
ette, only to find the compliment
wasted on one whose taste can-
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M. MELACHRINO & CO., LTD.,
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"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Good Wine Needs no Bush!

But we must tell you that

THE THIRD
ISSUE OF

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is only

ONE SHILLING

It is as wonderful and as full
as when it was Two Shillings.

See what you get for One Shilling:
Sixteen Pages in Colour

Eight New Stories

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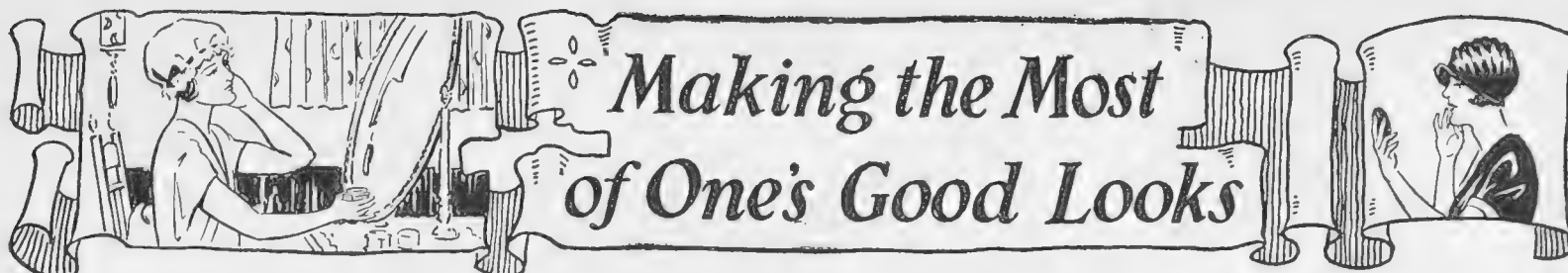
The Best Companion for your Holidays.

NOW ON SALE.

ONE SHILLING.

Obtainable at all Newsagents and Bookstalls; or from the Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, E.C. 4





Home Beauty-Culture. What is the secret of beauty-culture? What principle underlies the processes by which sallowness of the skin wrinkles, roughness, redness and other blemishes are made to yield and give place to an entrancing smoothness and clearness of complexion? Apart from the use of ingenious appliances such as masks, straps, and rollers, beauty-culture methods can be summed up in four words: *Skin Cleansing and Massage*. These two processes form the very basis of beauty-culture and are now the daily practice of the majority of women who take an interest in the preservation of their good looks. It is no exaggeration to say that the entrancing smoothness of the skin and delicate evenness of colour possessed by most society beauties are the outcome of these two methods.

Without a Clear Complexion No Woman can be Beautiful. Let us look, then, at these two processes and see what is the scientific cause of their astonishing success. In the first place it is gratifying to learn that the two processes resolve themselves into one, for the same massage movements apply to both, and the same preparation—*Pond's Cold Cream*—is both a *skin-cleanser* and a *massage-lubricant*.

Skin-Cleansing. A skin cleansed only with soap and water maybe—in fact, generally is—in a truly dirty condition. A Turkish bath will readily prove this, or even a close inspection of the pores, many of which are clogged with greasy matter. This condition, whether in a noticeably advanced or early stage, means impoverished sub-cutaneous circulation and pore-action, and its worst effects are always to be seen where there is the slightest looseness of skin. From this it is but a short remove to the formation of wrinkles.

Stimulate Pore-Activity. Soap, containing an alkali—usually soda—as a necessary ingredient for lathering, is actually a deterrent of pore activity, for the function of the pores is like that of a valve, which needs oil in order to work smoothly. The pores themselves, when healthy, secrete a certain

**Beauty Culture in the Home.
Generous Supplies of
Complexion Creams Free.**

amount of oil, and *this must be augmented* if normal conditions are to be restored. And this is where the greatest care should be exercised.

Cold Cream—why Pond's? There is nothing more suitable for skin-cleansing and massage-lubrication than cold cream, but the reasons why *Pond's* is specially recommended are, first, that cheap cold cream is not made specially for this purpose and is not specifically guaranteed pure by the makers, and,

secondly, that *Pond's Cold Cream* is as pure a product as can possibly be manufactured, is made for this one special purpose, and contains certain *emollient oils* which have a marvellously beneficial effect on the skin.

Massage the Skin Nightly. At night, before retiring, massage *Pond's Cold Cream* into the skin of the face and neck. Rub well into the skin with the tips of the fingers,

using a circular motion. Then wipe off the cream with a soft towel and notice the dirt that comes away. Repeat the massage and this time wipe off very carefully only the surface cream, leaving the pores well lubricated all through the night.

The Effects The continuance of this after a practice for a fortnight will result in a very gratifying clearness of the skin, a delightful evenness of colour, the absence of all roughness, and the distinct reduction of any line-forming tendency—in short, renewed complexion charm.

A Further Useful Hint. A few words must be devoted to the day-time care of the skin. There are many occasions on which the skin needs freshening-up, and others when it requires protection against dust, dirt, sun and wind, all of which are apt to mar complexion-charm. For these purposes apply a little *Pond's Vanishing Cream* without massage. The skin will instantly feel and appear refreshed, for the Cream vanishes instantly and leaves only a faint "bloom" and a trace of delicious Jacqueminot Rose perfume.

Free Trial Supplies. In order that the reader may satisfy herself as

to the genuine ability of *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Vanishing Cream* either to achieve or retain her full measure of beauty, the proprietors will send, for threepence in stamps to cover postage and packing, a **FREE TRIAL TUBE** of both CREAMS. Please fill in the COUPON below. All chemists sell *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream* in opal jars, price 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes, price 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream in extra large tubes, 2/6.



Miss Marie Löhr finds *Pond's Vanishing Cream* "delightful and excellent in every way."



Miss Lily Brayton thinks *Pond's Cold Cream* "most excellent."

Generous Trial Tubes FREE—COUPON

To *Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 61), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.*

I enclose threepence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your free TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM* containing enough for a fortnight's ordinary use.

Name

Address



WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Are You Gaining Beauty?

This is the question posed by Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the famous beauty specialist, of New York and Paris, whose London salons are at 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. It is not enough, she declares, to restore and to keep youthful contours and delicate complexions; to be beautiful one must gain in attractiveness day by day. To the uninitiated this may sound a well-nigh impossible task, but the years devoted by Mme. Rubinstein to scientific study and research work now enable every woman to win this race against time. Mme. Rubinstein gives her expert knowledge to the world in the form of exclusive treatments which remedy every beauty flaw and impart an ever-increasing loveliness. Each of the Valaze treatments and preparations is based on practical scientific experience, and their success is a foregone conclusion. Mme. Rubinstein will gladly give her advice on every beauty problem, however small or insurmountable it may seem, and I advise readers to call or write at the earliest opportunity, as Mme. Rubinstein herself is now in London for a short time.

Valaze Champagne Lotion.

Mme. Rubinstein has brought with her two wonderful new preparations which will delight every fastidious woman. The Valaze Champagne lotion is as exhilarating as its name. It revives the skin in a marvellous manner, granting a new lease of life. It can be obtained from 10s. 6d. a pot. The Valaze Cream of Youth is the second preparation, which is also justly described by its name. After a few applications, the most wrinkled and "lack-lustre" skin is restored to youthful elasticity and freshness. The price of this

is only 7s. 6d. Naturally, the Valaze Beautifying Skin Food (price 5s. to 18s. 6d.) is indispensable at all times, but especially in summer, for it removes freckles and discoloration of every description; while Valaze



Sunshine and sea breezes can be enjoyed without fear of ill-effects on the complexion when one is armed with the Valaze Beauty Preparations, sponsored by Mme. H. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.

Bleaching Cream (3s.) is invaluable to the sportswoman and quickly removes tan and sunburn. The Valaze Beauty Brochure contains many invaluable hints on beauty generally, and readers should apply for a

copy, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

An Artistic Poster.

The exhibition of British advertising art which forms a new feature at Wembley has done much to bring into prominence the artistic value of many of our well-known British posters. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Idris Girl poster has been selected as the best of its type, and, in consequence of this decision, will be the only poster featuring a dainty and charming girl exhibited in Poster Street whilst the Exhibition remains open.

Sunlit Winter Cruises.

Early in the New Year the well-known Canadian Pacific liners, the *Empress of France* and the *Empress of Scotland*, will leave Southampton on a voyage around the world and a Mediterranean cruise respectively. Both vessels are oil-burners, and are sumptuously fitted. The world cruise, which will occupy some 137 days, embraces visits to countries affording the greatest amount of interest to the traveller; many places off the beaten track will be included, as Java, Padang, Sumatra, Batavia, etc., while lengthy stays will be made at Egypt, the Holy Land, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Honolulu, Vancouver, San Francisco, etc. On her way home the *Empress of France* will make a daylight trip through the Panama Canal. The Mediterranean cruise by the *Empress of Scotland* will occupy 57 days, and includes visits to Madeira, Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, Northern Africa, Athens, Constantinople, Syria, the Holy Land, Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, and France. Attractive illustrated booklets of both cruises—each of which will be accomplished without change of steamship—may be obtained from the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W., 1.

Now — complete relief from perspiration moisture and odour

Women need no longer endure the annoyance of excessive perspiration. It is possible to have complete relief from the embarrassment and discomfort which it causes—harmlessly and easily.

A slight continuous perspiration over the entire body is natural and is necessary to health, but extreme perspiration of one part of the body, such as the underarms, is due to local irregularities of the sweat glands. The underarm perspiration glands are very sensitive and easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make normal evaporation impossible, so that in order to maintain scrupulous personal daintiness, correct measures are necessary. Soap and water alone are not sufficient.



You are cool and dainty throughout the warmest evening when you use Odorono.

One application of Odorono gives you complete relief from perspiration moisture and odour for three days—two applications a week keep your underarms always dry and immaculate. Odorono is an antiseptic toilet water, formulated several years ago by a physician for the special purpose of counteracting excessive local perspiration, without affecting the natural healthful perspiration of the rest of the body. It is a

clear rosy-coloured liquid and comes to you in a smart little uniquely shaped bottle.

The right time to apply Odorono is at night. It is delightfully easy to use. You simply pat it on to the underarm with a piece of soft cloth or cotton wool, or with the tips of the fingers. Odorono is obtainable at all high-class chemists' and departmental stores—sizes 1/6, 2/9, and 5/-.

Send to-day for free booklet: "The scientific way to prevent perspiration odour and moisture," which tells you more about the relief of perspiration. Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.



ODO·RO·NO

For excessive perspiration



YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing

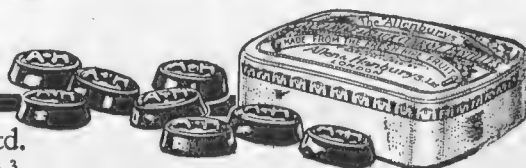
2 oz.	8d.
4 oz.	1/3
8 oz.	2/3
1 lb.	4/3

Pleasantly refreshing when hot or tired

On a long tramp there is nothing better than an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille to refresh the mouth and throat. They prevent the feeling of dryness which causes thirst.

These pastilles have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour, and their effect is long sustained. They have the further advantage that they may be taken freely without causing any ill effects.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

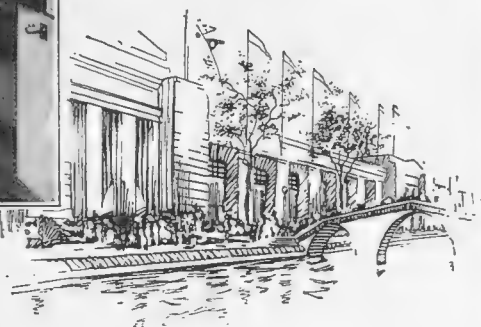


Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3



Fastidious women everywhere are using Odorono to keep them always immaculate.

B2



AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY

there is a series of modern and period rooms showing gas fires and gas lighting fittings which, while embodying the latest principles of efficiency and hygiene, are designed to harmonise artistically with the furnishing. The lighting is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

The room illustrated above (designed for the British Empire Gas Exhibit by Messrs. Osborne and Company of Grafton Street) is an example of the work of the Brothers Adam, circa 1760. The dentil cornice and frieze of swag enrichments are from models taken from the original work of these celebrated designers and the details of the fireplace are taken from the original drawings now in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The colouring

is carried out in delicate greens and biscuit tones and forms a delightful background to the gas fire, which follows some of the Adam detail in its mouldings and decoration.

The chief pieces of furniture seen are a fine carved and gilt Hepplewhite armchair, circa, 1790; an old reproduction Chippendale silver table in mahogany with fret gallery; and an Adam mirror in black and gold frame, and original Vauxhall plate.

Everyone who aspires to the Home Beautiful and wishes to make it also the Home Comfortable should

VISIT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT
(In the centre of the Palace of Industry)



THE COMPROMISE.

(Continued from Page 273.)

Jean opened the door, and stood behind it, in a frightened manner.

At that moment I heard the sound of the search-party returning from the back-stairs. Phyllis looked at me, and I looked at Phyllis with wide, unseeing eyes. Jean began hurriedly to close the door (Jean goes to too many French farces), but Phyllis stopped her.

"Stay there," she whispered, then popped into the passage and cried mysteriously: "Mary! Mary! Mr. Banbury! Help!"

"Yes, dear?" piped Mrs. Banbury, and the search-party appeared in the doorway, carrying candles and looking, I am bound to say, exceedingly ridiculous.

"It's Mr. Moon," whispered Phyllis. "He's been standing there, stock still, for ten minutes, and I can't get him to move. I think he must be asleep."

I stood stock still, with my chin tilted, faintly flapping my arms and muttering. And through my wide, unseeing eyes, I saw a look of unholy joy on Mrs. Banbury's face.

"So *that's* where he went!" she said, advancing. "How very curious! Poor child, you *must* have been frightened."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis. "But I knew it was dangerous to wake him up. Don't talk too loud."

"Leave him to me," said Jack, and fixed his iron gaze upon me.

"Go-back-to-your-room," he said intensely. "Go-back-to-your-room. Go back——"

"The pig is black," I murmured, "the pig is black. But how much blacker is the sow! However," I added, with a deep sigh.

Jack and Mary recoiled.

"Are you quite *sure* he's asleep?" said

Mary, peering suspiciously and raising her voice. "I don't believe he's asleep at all. Really, Mr. Moon——!"

"S'sh!" said Phyllis.

"If you ask *me*, Phyllis," said Mary severely, still louder, "this is all a piece of Mr. Moon's—— How long has he been here?"

"I'm quite *sure* he's asleep," said a gentle voice from behind the door. "I've been watching him all the time."

"Jean! You there too!"

They all turned; and through my wide, unseeing eyes I saw a look of great sadness on Mrs. Banbury's face.

"Yes, wasn't it lucky, Mary?" said Phyllis, in a kind of coo. "I *might* have been frightened otherwise."

"I remember," began Stephen, "there was a case once where a man committed a larceny in his sleep. It was held by the Divisional Court——"

"Look out!" said Phyllis. "He's moving. Stephen's done it."

Slowly, with dignity, groping before me, I passed out of the room, the party following me.

"Jean," I muttered, halting at my door. "Jean! Be careful. There is a plot. A plot. I cannot remember. Oh, dear." And, sighing heavily, I passed within.

"Well, if I were you, Phyllis," I heard Mrs. Banbury say, "I should lock your door. You too, Jean."

"I fancy Jean's is locked already," said Phyllis sweetly. "Isn't it, Mr. Banbury?"

Mr. Banbury made no reply.

"Poor Mary!" I said to myself.

This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LX.

THOSE CONVENTIONAL DOUBLES.

SOME little time ago I took occasion to remark that the conventional, or negative doubles had died a very natural—or, say, well-deserved—death; that no self-respecting player had any use for these abominations, either in this country or in America. I thereupon received a most indignant letter from America saying that all self-respecting players out there work these doubles, and now I find that over here, too, this play has been revived: it may justly be said that there is an epidemic of it. It is being written up, too, and it seems that certain writers who were as much against the convention as I still am have changed their views, and see much in it to commend. So there we are, and it would appear that present writer stands on his own, more or less, in his pig-headedness; for he still says with a lonely voice that the convention is and must be a hopelessly bad auction bridge proposition.

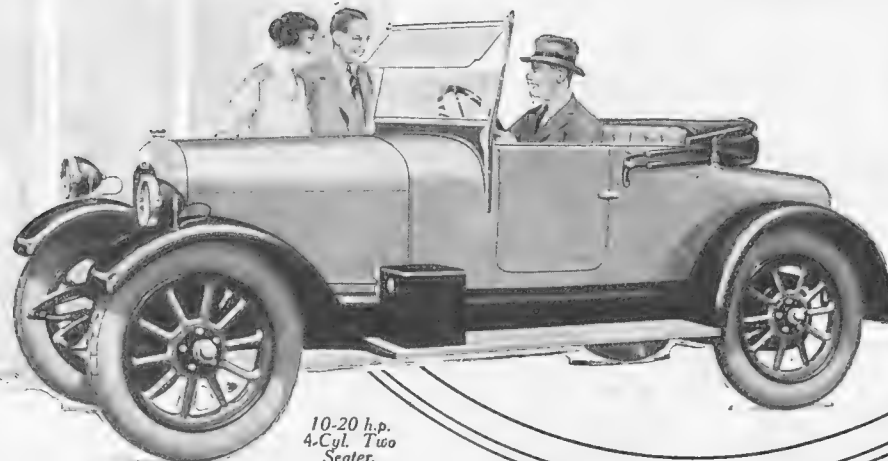
I am not, however, one of those who object to the convention as being unfair—being, in effect, legalised cheating, as some call it. To my mind there can be nothing unfair in giving information to a partner, when at the same time that information is given to opponents. When a player doubles the bid of one no-trump, he commands his partner to bid two in his best suit. The information given by doubler is that he has a fairly useful hand; the information received from his partner is that his longest suit is the one he calls: very well, that information is as useful to one side as the other, and there is no cheating or anything underhand about that.

(Continued overleaf.)



BELSIZE

10-20 h.p. 4 cylinder, from £280.
14-30 h.p. 6 cylinder (Four wheel brakes)
from £475
BELSIZE MOTORS, LIMITED
Clayton, Manchester.
London Showrooms: 2 & 3 Duke Street,
St. James's, S.W. 1.



10-20 h.p.
4-Cyl. Two
Seater.

SW
156-26

You can do it
easily on

"BP"

The British Petrol

When the load is heavier or the going rougher than usual, when a steep hill looms ahead—these are the times when "BP" proves its worth.

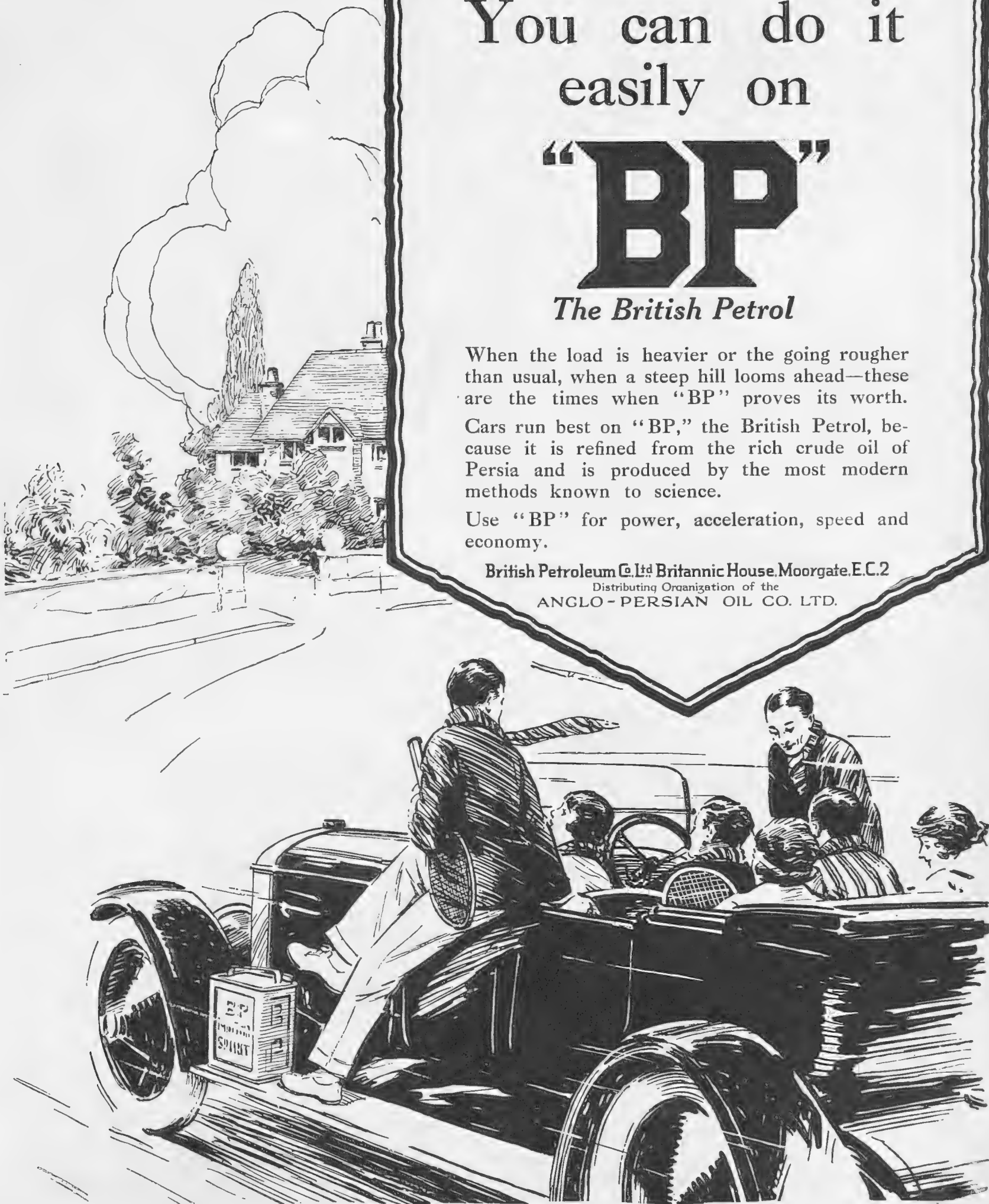
Cars run best on "BP," the British Petrol, because it is refined from the rich crude oil of Persia and is produced by the most modern methods known to science.

Use "BP" for power, acceleration, speed and economy.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2

Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



Continued.]

It is for none of these reasons that I have always written against these conventions; it is simply because I consider them bad auction bridge. In my view the information gained by the doubler is so very ambiguous and misleading that in most cases it amounts to exactly nil—or worse than nil, for it often leads to disaster. On those few occasions when it does lead somewhere, the exact same result would have been arrived at anyhow; I mean, supposing the player had bid or passed instead of doubling. Your doubler holds this lot—

SPADES.—K, Q, Kn, 9.

HEARTS—A, Kn, 2.

CLUBS—x, x.

DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 8, 7,

and his partner obediently calls two clubs; the doubler will then call two spades. Now, does he call two spades on the second round because he doubled on the first round, or because his partner called two clubs? Would he not have called two spades whatever his partner had said? Of course he would; in fact, he intended to bid spades all the time, and the result is the same whether he doubles or not. Suppose, again, he holds—

SPADES—A, x, x.

HEARTS—A, x, x.

CLUBS—K, x, x.

DIAMONDS—Q, Kn, x, x,

and doubles one no-trump. What will he do on the second round? He'll bid two no-trumps as sure as fate, whatever his partner calls. The double makes no odds.

I am not going to say that it is not possible to show holdings where the double was useful,

or, indeed, that sundry cases have not occurred in actual play where the double helped; but I say for sure on balance the result is against, and well against, this doubling business. It simply does not pay—that's all.

I shall be told it is stupid to condemn a thing without giving it a fair trial; to which I shall answer, I have given it a trial, and a long trial; for do I not play daily with partners who work it, and against opponents who play it by the score; and I make it my affair to note the net results—and, mind you, if my partner is a doubler, I invariably obey his commands to the best of my ability. This amounts to giving it a fair trial, doesn't it?

Well, I have never yet held a hand on which I wanted to double one no-trump, or one of a suit. I have never picked up cards on which I said to myself: "Hello! Now here is a case where the double should be good." I have never even been tempted. Further, my notes on the result of the negative double show: success in staving off a successful adverse no-trump contract, or in arriving at the best inter-partnership declare, thanks solely to the double, 10 per cent.; the double makes no difference to the final call, 50 per cent.; a better result would have been arrived at had player bid honestly, or passed instead of doubling, 30 per cent.; and that the double caused disaster, 10 per cent. of times. That this should be the result of my own personal experience may, of course, be pure coincidence; but as the experiment extends over some hundreds of cases, I can't help thinking that it would indeed be a coincidence if these results were nothing but coincidence.

I still cannot understand any self-respecting player employing these conventions. Just look at it in this light—surely to demand a purely fictitious and entirely meaningless call from your partner must be the very antithesis of good auction bridge declaring. And that's what these conventions ask for!

BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 23.

The score is one game all. AB, 10; YZ, 0.

A deals, and bids one heart; Y, two diamonds; B and Z pass. A bids two hearts, and all pass.

The first five tricks were—

	Y	B	Z	A
Trick 1.	K of D.	2 of D.	9 of D.	3 of D.
Trick 2.	A of D.	4 of D.	Kn of D.	Q of D.
Trick 3.	8 of C.	9 of C.	Kn of C.	K of C.
Trick 4.	2 of H.	5 of H.	3 of H.	K of H.
Trick 5.	Q of H.	6 of H.	7 of H.	A of H.

How should A play now, and what are his chances of winning game? The card italicised wins the trick. A (declarer's) and B (dummy's) hands were—

SPADES—K, 2.
HEARTS—8, 6, 5.
CLUBS—A, 10, 9, 2.
DIAMONDS—10, 8, 4, 2.

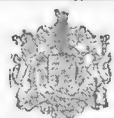
B (Dummy)

Y ————— Z

A (declarer)

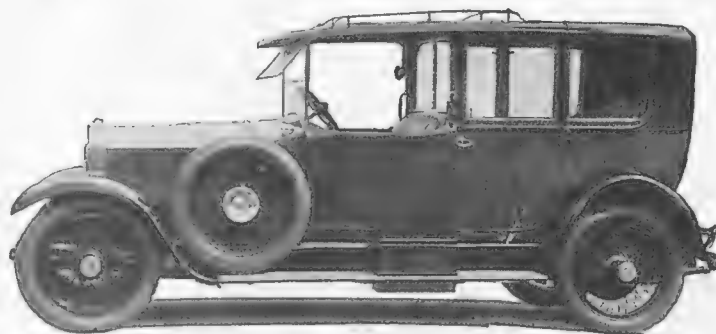
SPADES—8, 7, 5, 4, 3.
HEARTS—A, K, Kn, 10, 4.
CLUBS—K.
DIAMONDS—Q, 3.

Solutions received before next Monday will be acknowledged.



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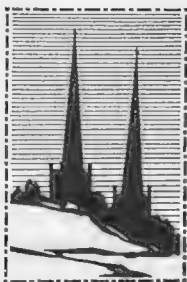
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NOVEL NOTES.

TIME AND TIDE. By J. C. SNAITH. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

You cannot fail to like Mame, the American girl who tried her luck in this country, for her story is the sort of thing that just fits Mr. J. C. Snaith's hand. Incidentally, this capital novel is an addition to the fiction of Fleet Street, for Mame came in contact with a young woman of the Upper Ten who contributes society gossip to the papers. The strictly professional woman journalist has made several appearances in novels, but the half-amateur is a character well worth sketching. This, however, is only a minor part of a story which abounds in love, adventure, humour, and sly hits at contemporary extravagances and follies, and portrays a variety of human beings in a most amusing and delightful way.

THE COMPULSORY MILLIONAIRE. By W. HAROLD THOMSON. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

An original tale of an island, not in the South Seas, but one of the Hebrides. Shelton, the millionaire, bought Lurg, and intended to have a look at it. Knowing this, a designing lady, Mrs. Warren, with a daughter to sell, decided to pitch her tent on the island. At the same time, Carr, a bank clerk with a passion for geological research, hit on Lurg as a hopeful field for his work, and, having come into a little money, thought he would devote his life to science. Carr, on his arrival at Lurg, was mistaken for the millionaire proprietor, and couldn't persuade the people that he wasn't the rich man. This is a good beginning of cross-purpose fun, which Mr. Thomson supplies with a liberal and very neat hand. A first-rate holiday story.

VAGABOND LOVE. By JESSIE CHAMPION. (Lane; 7s. 6d.)

Another island story, but that part doesn't last very long. There's a wreck to begin with, and a lad and a lass cast away on the usual desert island, but blue-lagoonism gets scarcely a look in. Rescue comes along, and then the trouble and the real excitement begin. The young man in love has, unluckily, a wife in the field already. She is an undesirable who does not receive cordially a proposal that she should divorce her husband. But the tangle straightens itself out at last, and makes a good, readable story, in which the people are cleverly drawn.

THE MARRIAGE CRAFT. By D. H. S. NICHOLSON. (Cobden-Sanderson; 6s.)

The old problem of wedlock is here discussed in many aspects by a group of thinking people. The book is not exactly a novel, but if it lacks narrative, it is none the less interesting and full of suggestion. The scene is laid on board a barge on the Great Central Canal, and the debaters keep their talk always high above the level of dullness. A "sex book" of a rather unusual sort, in which the subject is handled with frankness, but yet with admirable delicacy. If the discussion leads to no definite conclusion (which is hardly to be expected), the reader has no reason to complain, for he is kept interested from the first line to the last. Very often, too, the author presents an original point of view.

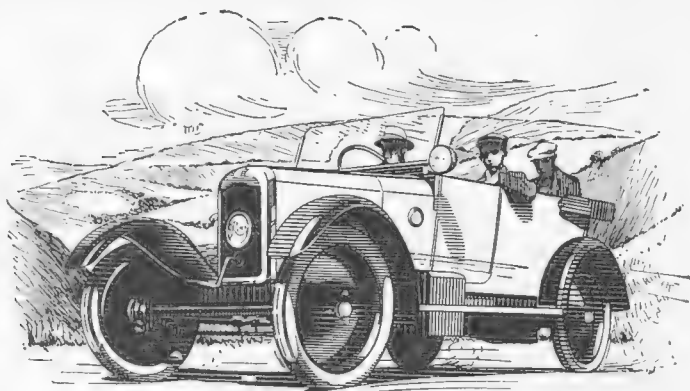
THE TIGER OF BARAGUNGA. By J. INMAN EMERY. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.)

As the Maharajah of Baragunga traversed the streets of London, he lost his tiger by

robbery with violence. This theft is not so great a feat as might appear, for the tiger was not a live tiger, but a tiger cut in emerald and set in a ring. The robbery was planned by an old friend of the Maharajah's, Sir John Jervoise, formerly an official in India, who suspects his Highness of being a ring-leader of sedition, and believes that the ring will complete the evidence he requires to bring the potentate to book. Potentate, a cunning and resourceful dog, twigs the situation, and lays his plans to defeat it, recover the ring, and secure in addition Sir John's incriminating papers. In the course of his strategy the ring is stolen a second time by the Maharajah's agent, who decamps to India, hoping by means of the emerald token to set the projected rising a-going. This brings the Maharajah into the field to capture thief No. 2, and a fine chase he makes of it. A lively yarn, well spun.

LOVE AND LIBERTY. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. (Stanley Paul; 2s. 6d.)

The elder Dumas had a huge fancy for this novel of his, which is not very well known to English readers. It has not hitherto been translated into English. The scene is laid in Naples during the attempted Revolution of 1798, and the plot centres upon the love affair of Luisa San Felice and Salvato Palmieri. Luisa, at first against the movement, was gradually drawn into it, and finally lost her life for the cause. Nelson and Lady Hamilton are introduced into the action. The novel is more of a curiosity than anything else, but as such it will be welcomed by admirers of Dumas. It is, however, not nearly so good as its author fondly supposed. Yet it has points, and the historical detail is, on the whole, trustworthy.



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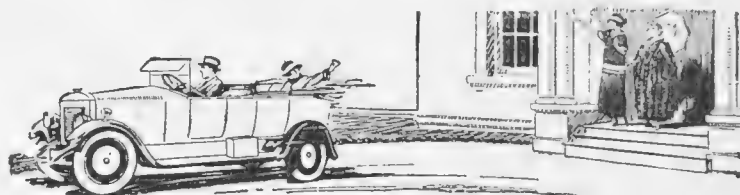
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BY MICHAEL ORME.

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL."

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THE numerous admirers of the art of Richard Barthelmess will be able to appreciate his versatility, since, hard on the heels of his delicate and poignant work in "The Enchanted Cottage" comes the romantic and more melodramatic screen version of "The Bright Shawl," lifted from the pages of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel. It is an extraordinary thing that the stories of the famous American novelist, with their strangely elusive and fastidious charm, should yield such strong screen plays. Hergesheimer seems to me the apostle of the negative. His characters appear to hold aloof, to stand on the edge of events; and even when they plunge into the heart of them, it is but to relinquish their grip deliberately at the end. But on the screen all their negation falls away. The story itself stands out, vital and engrossing. This is undoubtedly so in "The Bright Shawl," admirably directed by John S. Robertson. It concerns a young New Yorker, Charles Abbott, whose fate leads him to Cuba in the days when the island was still under Spanish dominion. His ardent imagination readily responding to the grievances of the Cuban patriots, he embraces their cause and soon finds himself in the thick of intrigue and hidden rebellion, passion and danger. For the city's idol and the plaything of the Spanish officers, the beautiful Andalusian dancer, La Clavel, falls in love with him.

She supplies him with information for his



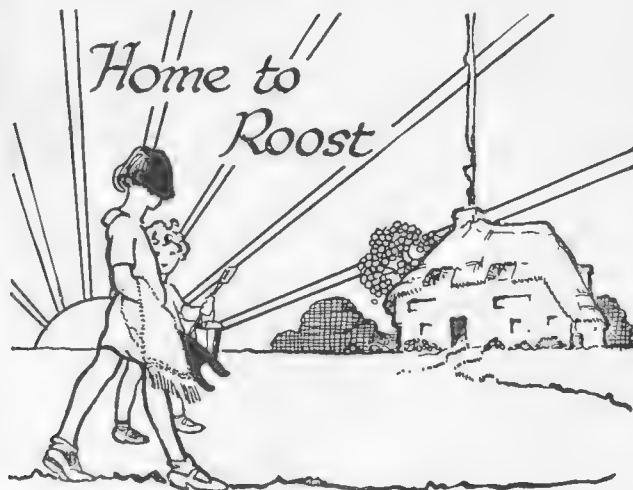
THE DAUGHTER OF LADY WALPOLE, AND OF THE LATE MAJOR HENRY JAMES SETON: MISS MARIE SETON.

Miss Marie Seton is the daughter of Lady Walpole, and of the late Major Henry James Seton, who died in 1920. In our last issue we described Miss Seton incorrectly as the adopted daughter of Lady Walpole. Lady Walpole is the wife of Sir Charles George Walpole, and is well known as a Society hostess.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

Cuban friends, she has with secret messages devious; petulant, spiteful she is, she rises all the sacrifice and dies for token of her devotion.

Mr. Robertson has a Cuban sweetheart allowed her to escape him. He has also, produced the fascinating, san, La Pilar, tool of stages of the story, to hero. Above all, he strengthened the atmosphere of danger, of desperate any sacrifice, of great failure. Even his "ending" does not blur failure, although it does comforting the hero—audience. The setting convincing as they actors seem to have of their parts. These Cubans, these overboard the plotting and co-real that we are acting bygone day with its tribulations. And the Gish, who has done La Clavel, trails her behind her brighter eyes, while seems to live the part of entering heart and soul of oppressed people with youth, gallant and defeat. His prolonged Captain, in which the outclassed, is a memory. Altogether a romantic



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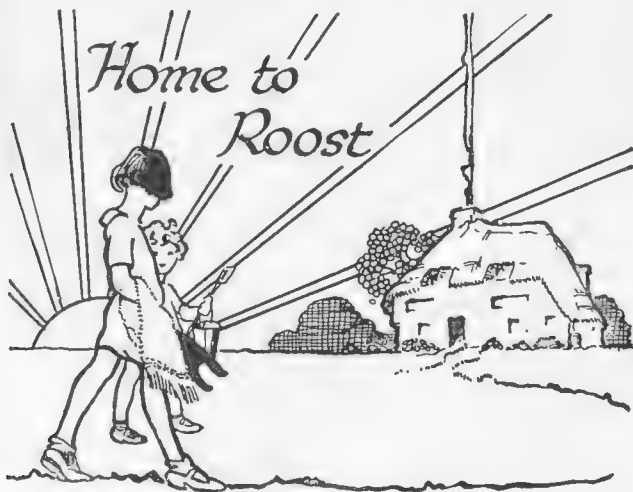
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Mr. Robertson has given young Abbott a Cuban sweetheart and has mercifully allowed her to escape from the island with him. He has also, very ingeniously, introduced the fascinating, semi-Oriental courtesan, La Pilar, tool of Spain, into the earlier stages of the story, to spy on the American hero. Above all, he has preserved and even strengthened the atmosphere of brooding danger, of desperate patriotism ready for any sacrifice, of great attempts and tragic failure. Even his more or less "happy ending" does not blunt the pathos of that failure, although it does serve its purpose in comforting the hero—and, consequently, the audience. The settings and costumes are as convincing as they are picturesque. The actors seem to have got into the very skin of their parts. These grave and resolute Cubans, these overbearing Spaniards, all the plotting and counter-plotting are so real that we are actually transported to a bygone day with its vanished tears and tribulations. And through it all, Dorothy Gish, who has done nothing better than La Clavel, trails her bright shawl and flashes her brighter eyes, whilst Richard Barthelmess seems to live the part of the boyish American, entering heart and soul into the cause of an oppressed people with all the eagerness of youth, gallant and courageous even in defeat. His prolonged duel with the Spanish Captain, in which the American is hopelessly outclassed, is a memorable piece of acting. Altogether a romantic drama of great quality.



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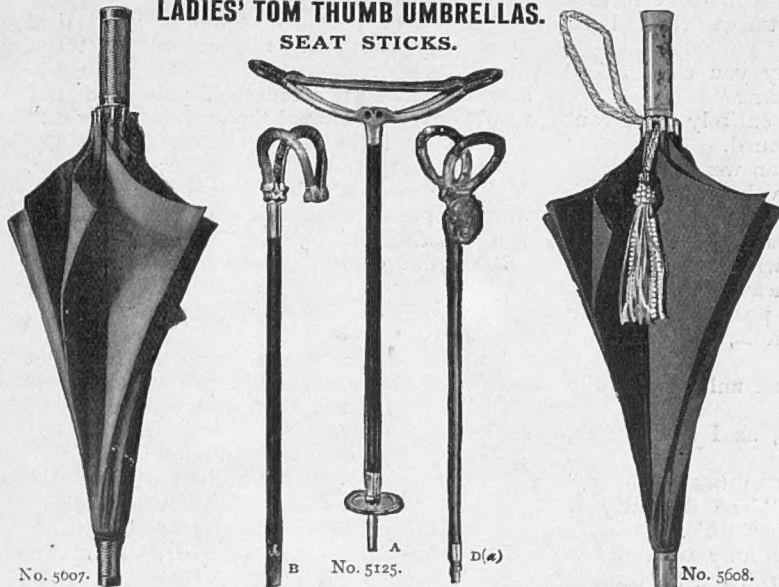
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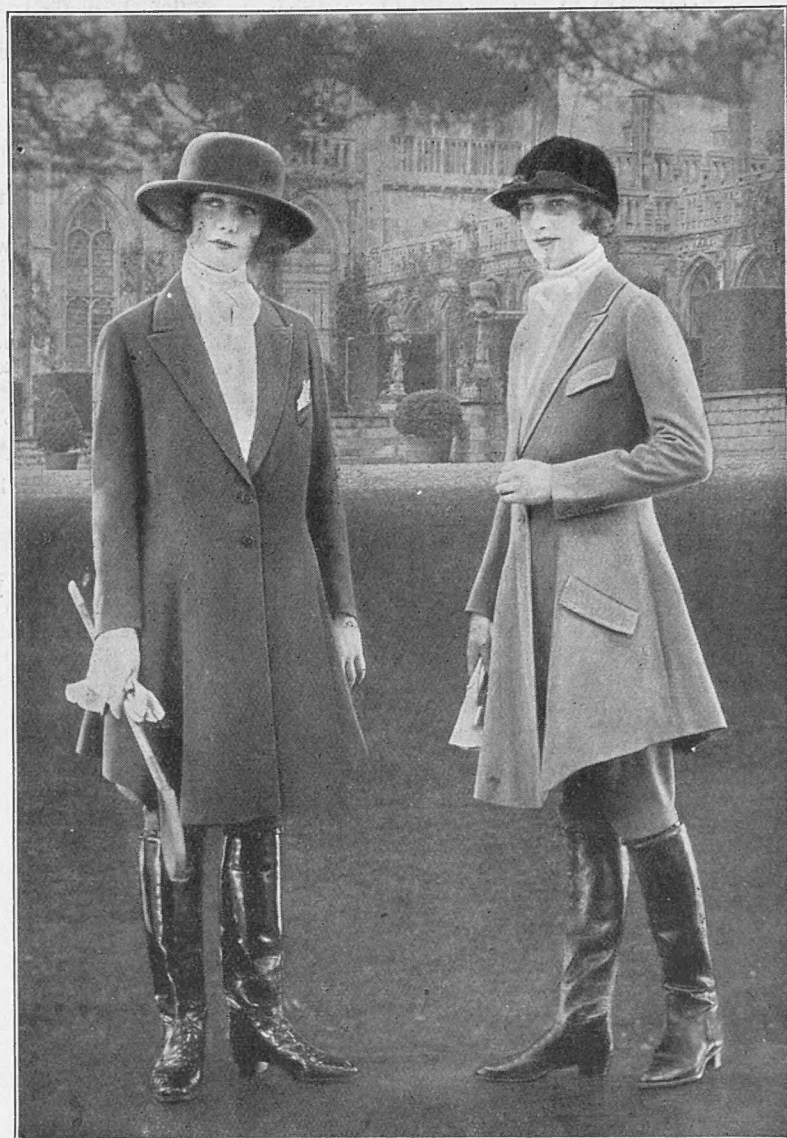
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"Banks, for example."

"I reckon the banks charge too much," observed a broker.

"Oh, no, they don't," his friend calmly contradicted. "One per cent. over Bank Rate isn't too high for loans. It's a reasonable rate, in my opinion."

"Then," said the other speaker, "I'll shift my ground, and say the banks ought to give more than one-and-a-half per cent. under Bank Rate on deposit money."

"Some of them do," said Our Stroller.

"Yes, but you mustn't say so aloud," his broker caught him up. "After all, banks

are out for business: they do the banking part of it very well, and you can't have a sounder industrial investment than bank shares."

"Then why do you say you can't afford to take a holiday this year?"

The question was so entirely irrelevant that a general laugh ensued.

One of the other men answered:

"Plain as pie," he volunteered. "We have all of us been pretty heavily landed with new issues of late, and you don't feel justified in going away when too much of your stock is at a fairly heavy discount."

"You've only got to push the lot into the bank, take a loan on it, and wait till the cows come home."

"Banks won't take stock unless it's fully paid."

"Pay it up, then, and, as I said before, wait till——"

"Some of the new things must be cheap," suggested Our Stroller. "The difficulty is to know what is; and what isn't."

"Well, I should go carefully with a few of the latest debentures," advised his broker.

"There are good preferences which I'd rather have than certain of the flimsy debentures we've seen lately."

"If people won't take the trouble to look at the security of what they're buying, what is one to do?"

"Take the elements of a good security. Is the debenture a first mortgage or only a floating charge? Is the property upon which it may be secured freehold or leasehold? What is the standing of the firm which gives an up-to-date valuation of the assets? And does the profit-statement of the last five years cover the debenture interest three or four times over?"

"Very practical, not to say searching, questions," commented one of the group. "Oh, yes," he carried on rapidly, "very fair,

not to say essential. But does anybody look for all this?"

"Heaps of people do; and a great deal more they look for. I have only sketched the broad outlines. When once you are satisfied with your security, you need not trouble over occasional fluctuations in price."

"But with ordinary shares?"

"Different thing altogether; naturally. A debenture is a debt: shares are what the word implies; a sharing in profits. Don't you see the distinction?"

"Yes, of course," assented Our Stroller, though he went on to admit, in candour, that he hadn't always appreciated the difference.

"Shares must be more speculative, as a matter of character. Mining and oil shares are the two most risky things you can have. They offer the greatest scope for profit, and, therefore, the greatest chance of loss."

"*Ipso facto*, as the Greek stockbroker said when the currant reef pegged out in a dyke."

"Or as the Naples jobber remarked when Vesuvius developed a gusher of lava instead of oil."

"We wax theoretical this morning"—and Our Stroller stretched out his arms. "But one lives and learns."

"I'm not so sure that what we learn is always acted upon," his broker doubted.

"Speculation is the wine of life, in any profession, business, or domestic occupation. Look at cookery——"

"I put a man off buying Phoenix this morning," said one of the brokers, "and I don't know whether I'm right."

"They may go up a shilling or two, but the huge capital makes one feel dubious about dividends."

"Stick to the good textiles," advised Our Stroller; "stick to good breweries——"

Every man looked instinctively at his watch.

Thursday, July 31, 1924.

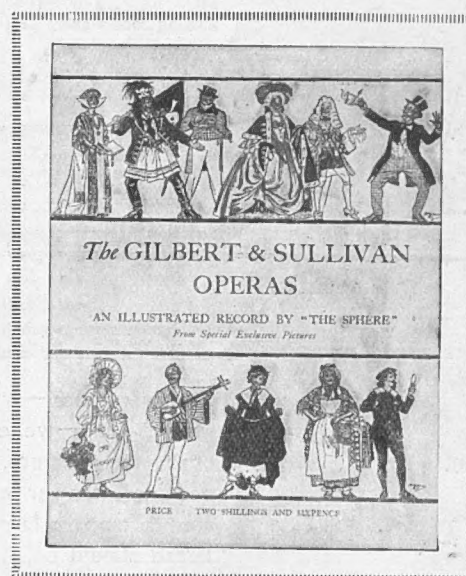
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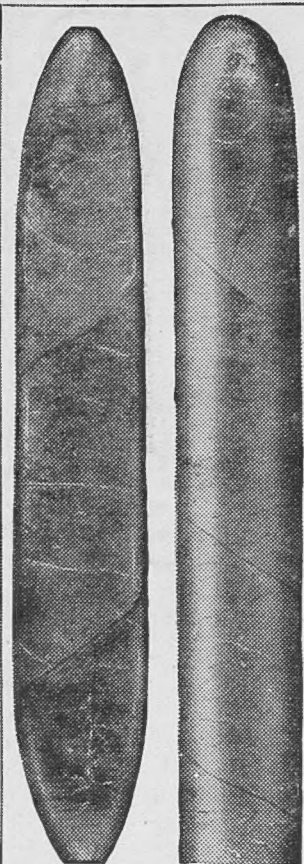
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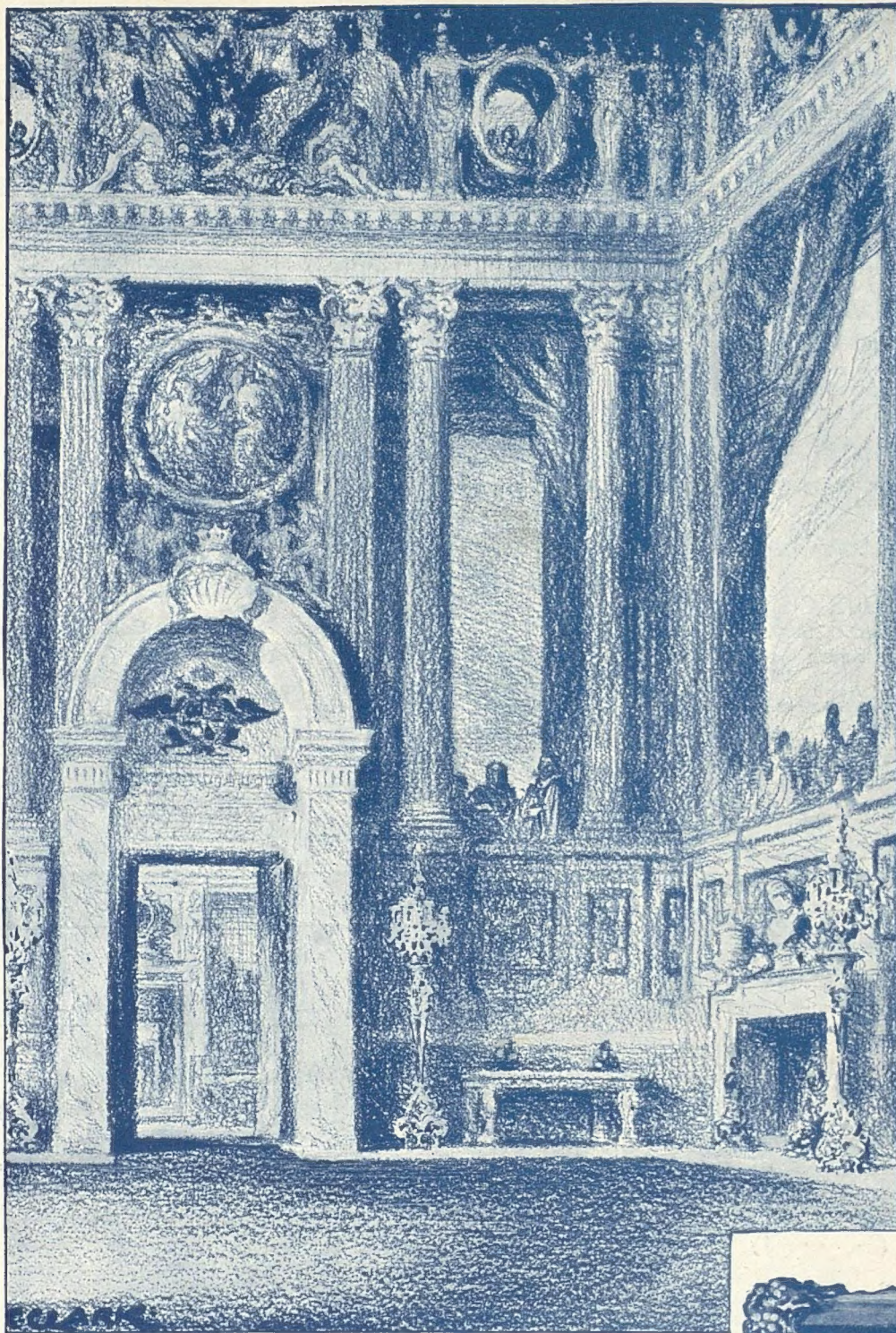
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As an example of early 18th century classic architecture Blenheim is without parallel. The exterior is most imposing in appearance, but the true proportions of the building can better be realised on visiting the magnificent State apartments.

Typical of the whole interior is the temple-like Saloon with its richly painted ceiling and walls. The graceful Corinthian columns empanel ingenious paintings giving an impression of open windows through which figures of all nations look down. On either side of this Saloon the State rooms stretch, making, through the open doors, a vista of 300 feet from end to end.

It is interesting to note how here at Blenheim the hand of time has mellowed down and given delicacy to the somewhat heavy details of Sir John Vanbrugh's work, an action of age not by any means confined to buildings. John Haig Scotch Whisky is world-famed for a mellowness which only maturity can give. It is made by the oldest Distillers in the world—1627.



An interesting specimen of an old wine cooler. Period about late 17th Century.

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